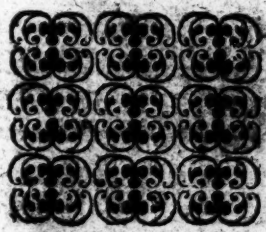
FANCIES,

Digested

Into { EPIGRAMS. MEDITATIONS. and OBSERVATIONS.

By FRAN. QUARLES.



EB James Boyle

The seventh Edition, Corrected.

LONDON,
Printed by T. D. for John Williams, at the Crown in Cross-Keys-Court, in Little-Britain. 1675.

21 Shall be the Lord
remember thou shalt
arise and come to Zion mount
that Sanctu

TO THE

ROYAL BUD

of MAJESTY, and *Center* of our Hopes and Happiness,

CHARLES,

PRINCE of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Son and Heir apparent to the High and Mighty *CHARLES*, By the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, &c.

Illustrious Infant,

GIve me leave to acknowledge my self thy Servant, ere thou knowest thy self my Prince:

my Zeal burns me, and my de-
sires are impatient: my bree-
ding-Muse *longs for* green
fruit; *and cannot stay thy*
ripeness: Sweet Babe; *The*
Loyalty of my Service makes
bold to consecrate these early
Leaves to thy sacred Infan-
cy, *not knowing how to glorify*
themselves more, than by the
Patronage of such Princely
Innocency. *Model of sweet-*
ness; let thy busy Fingers en-
tertain this slender present,
and let thy harmless smiles
crown it: When thy Infancy
hath crackt the Shell, *let thy*

Child-

Childhood tast the Kernel; *In the mean while, let thy little hands, and eys peruſe it; lug it in thy tender arms and lay this burthen at thy Royal* Parents *feet, for whoſe ſake it may gain ſome honour from their glorious* eies. *Heav'n bleſs thy Youth with* Grace, *and crown thy Age with* Glory: *Angels conduct thee from the* Cradle *to the* Crown: *Let the* Engliſh Roſe, *and French* Lilly *floriſh in thy lovely* cheek: *& let their united* Colours *preſage an everlaſting* League. *Let the eminent* Qualities *of*

both thy renowned Grand-Fathers *meet in thy Princely heart, that thou mayst in* Peace *be Honourable; and in* Warr *Victorious. And let the great addition of thy Royal Parents* Virtues *make thee up a most incomparable* Prince, *the firm pillar of our happiness, and the future* Object *of the Worlds wonder.*

Expected and prayed for
by your Highnesse's
Most Loyal and
humble Servant,
FRAN. QUARLES.

TO

To the Right honourable and truly virtuous Lady, *Mary* Countess of *Dorset*, Governess of that Royal Infant *CHARLES*, Prince of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, the Mirrour of unstained Honour.

Most excellent Lady,

YOu are the *Star* which stands over the Place where the *Babe* lies; By whose directions *light*, I come from the *East*, to present my *Myrrh* and *Frankincense*, to the *young Child*: Let not our Royal Jo-

JOSEPH, nor his Princely MARY be afraid; there are no *Herods* here; We have all seen his *Star* in the East, and have rejoyced: Our loyall hearts are full; for our eyes have seen him, in whom our Posterity shall be blessed: To him, *most Honorable Lady*, I address my thoughts; To *Him*, I presume to consecrate these Lines, which, since it hath pleased our gracious Soveraign to appoint You the *Governess* of his

Royal

Royal *Infancy*, I have made bold to preſent firſt, to your noble Hands; not daring in my very thoughts, to diſ-joyn, whom his Sacred *Majeſty*, in ſo great Wiſdom hath put together; or conſider ſeverally, where his *Highneſs* hath made ſo inviolable a Relation. *Madam*, May your Honours increaſe with your hours; and let eternal Glory crown your *Virtues*; that when this *Age* ſhall ſleep

in Dust, our *Children*, yet unborn, may *honour* your glorious Memory, under the happiness of His Government, whose *Governess* you are; which shall be daily the Subject of his Prayers, who is

The sworn Servant of your

Ladiships Perfections,

FRA. QUARLES.

To

To the

Readers.

R*Eaders, I will not (like one that knows the ſtrength of his own* Muſe) *commit* Rape *upon your* Underſtandings, *nor rail at your* Ignorances, *if our Wits jump not: I have written at my own Peril; underſtand you at your own pleaſures: I have not ſo little* Man *in me, as to want my faults; nor ſo much* Fool *in me, as to think it; nor ſo little* Modeſty, *as to ſwear it; nor ſo much* Child *in me, as to whine at* Zoilus: *My requeſt is, That the faultleſs hand may caſt the firſt* ſtone; *So although I cannot avoid the common Lot of man,* Errour,

I may escape the punishment of the Common man, Censure.

I here present thee with a Hive of Bees; *laden some with* Wax, *and some with* Honey: *Fear not to approach; There are no* Wasps, *there are no* Hornets *here: If some wanton* Bee *should chance to buzze about thine ears, stand thy Ground, and hold thy hands: There is none will sting thee, if thou strike not first: If any do, she hath* Honey *in her* Bag, *and will cure thee too. In plainer terms, I present thee with a Book of* Fancies: *Among which, as I have none to boast of; so (I hope) I shall have none to blush at. All cannot affect all: If some please all, or all some, it is more than I exspect. I had once thought to have melted the* Title, *and cast it into several Books, and have lodg'd* Observations, Meditations, *and* Epigrams *by themselves, but new thoughts have taken place: I have required no help of Herald, either to place, or to proclaim them.* Cards *well shuffled, are most fit for* Gamesters; *And oftentimes, the pastime of* Discovery, *adds pleasure*

to the Enjoyment : *the Generous* Faulkner *had rather retrive his* Patridge *in the open fields, then meet her in his covered Dish. Only this; When you read a* Meditation, *let me entreat thee, to forget an* Epigram.

Farewell.

AD
LECTORES
Utriusque Generis.

Candide, si mala sint nostra inter carmina, parce;
Et bona si quæ sint, Zoile, parco tibi.

A Table of the *Particulars* contained in these Four Books.

BOOK I.

Book

BOOK II.

Fin

BOOK

BOOK III.

My

Book

BOOK IV.

Drun.

THE END.

TO GOD.

GLorious, and Great; whose power did divide
The Waves, *and made them* Walls *on either side,*
That didst apppear in Cloven Tongues *of* Fire:
Divide my thoughts; and with thy Self inspire
My soul; O cleave my Tongue, *and make it scatter*
Various Expressions *in a various* Matter:
That like the painful Bee, *I may derive*
From sundry Flowrs *to store my slender* Hive;
Yet may my thoughts, *not so divided be,*
But they may mix again, and fix in Thee.

DIVINE

DIVINE FANCIES.

Digested

Into { EPIGRAMS. MEDITATIONS. and OBSERVATIONS.

The First Book.

I. *On the Musick of Organs.*

OBserve this *Organ*: Mark but how it goes:
'Tis not the hand of him alone that blows
The unseen *Bellows*; nor the hand that plays
Upon the apparant note-dividing *Keys*,
That makes the well-composed *Airs* appear
Before the high *Tribunal* of thine ear:
They both concurr: Each acts his several part:
Th' one gives it *Breath*; the other lends it *Art*.

Man is this Organ: to whose every action
Heaven gives a *Breath*, (a Breath without *coaction*:)
Without which *Blast* we cannot act at all;
Without which Breath the *Vniverse* must fall
To the first *Nothing* it was made of: seeing
In *Him* we *live*, we *move*, and have our *being*:
Thus fill'd with his Diviner *breath*, and backt
With his first power, we touch the *Key*'s and act:
He blows the *Bellows*: As we thrive in skill,
Our *Actions* prove, like Musick, *Good* or *Ill*.

II. *On the contingency of Actions.*

I saw him dead; I saw his body fall
Before death's *dart*, whom tears must not recall;
Yet is he not so dead, but that his *Day*
Might have been lengthen'd, had th' untrodden way
To life been found: he might have rose again,
If *something* had, or *something* had not bin:
What mine sees past, heaven's *eyes* foresaw to come:
He saw, how that *contigent* Act should sum
The total of his dayes: his knowing Eye
(As mine doth see him dead) saw he should die
That very fatal hour; yet saw his death,
Not so, Necessary, but his breath
Might be enlarg'd unto a longer date,
Had he neglected *this*, or taken that:
All times to heaven are *now*, both first and last;
He sees things *present*, as we see them past.

III. *On the Sacraments.*

THe *Loaves* of *Bread* were five, the *Fishes* two,
Whereof the multitude was made partaker.
Who made the *Fishes*? God: But tell me, who
Gave being to the *Loaves* of Bread? the *Baker*:

Ev'n so these Sacraments which some call seven,
Five were ordain'd by *Man*, and two by *Heaven*.

IV. *On the Infancy of our Saviour.*

HAil blessed *Virgin*, full of Heavenly *Grace*,
Blest above all that sprang from humane race,
Whose Heav'n-saluted *Womb* brought forth in *One*
A blessed *Saviour*, and a blessed *Son*:
O! what a ravishment 't had been to see
Thy little *Saviour* perking on thy *Knee*!
To see him nuzzel in thy *Virgin*-Breast:
His milk-white body all unclad, undrest!
To see thy Busie fingers cloath and wrap
His spreading limbs in thy indulgent *Lap*!
To see his desp'rate *Eyes*, with childish grace
Smiling upon his smiling Mother's face!
And when his forward strength began to bloom,
To see him *diddle* up and down the Room!
O, who would think so sweet a *Babe* as this,
Should 'ere be slain by a false-hearted *Kiss*!
Had I a *Rag*, if sure thy body wore it,
Pardon, sweet *Babe*, I think, I should adore it:
Till then, O grant this Boon (a Boon far dearer)
The *Weed* not being, I may adore the *Wearer*.

V. *On* Judas Iscariot.

WE rail at *Judas*, him that did betray
The *Lord* of life; yet do it, *day by day*.

VI. *On the Life and Death of Man.*

THe world's a *Theater*; the Earth a *Stage*
Plac'd in the midst; whereon both *Prince* and *Page*,

Both *rich* and *poor*, *fool*, *wise man*, *base* and *high*,
All act their *Parts* in Life's short *Tragedie* :
Our Life's a Tragedy, those secret *Rooms*
Wherein we tire us, are our Mothers *wombs* :
The *Musick* ush'ring in the *Play*, is Mirth
To see a *Man-child* brought upon the Earth ;
That fainting gasp of *Breath* which first we vent,
Is a dumb-shew, presents the *Argument* :
Our *new-born Cries*, that new-born *griefs* bewray ;
Is the sad *Prologue* of th' ensuing *Play* :
False *hopes*, true *fears*, vain *joys*, and fierce *distracts*,
Are like the *Musick* that divides the *Acts* :
Time holds the *glass*, and when the hour's run,
Death strikes the *Epilogue*, and the *Play* is done.

VII. *On the seven liberal Sciences of a Christian.*

Grammar.

IT is an *Art*, that teaches not t'excell
In writing, speaking, as in *doing well.*

Logick.

IT is an *Art*, sometimes of plotting *treason*
Against the *crown* and *dignity* of *Reason.*

Rhetorick.

IT is an *Art*, whereby he learns t' increase
His knowledge of the time, to *Hold his peace.*

Arithmetick.

IT is an *Art*, that makes him apt to raise,
And number out God's *Blessings*, and his *dayes.*

Musick

Musick.

IT is a potent *Science*, that infringes
Strong *Prison*-doors, and heavs them from their *bind-*
(*ges.*

Astronomy.

IT is an *Art* of taking out the *Lead*
From his dull *Brows*, and lifting up the *Head.*

Geometry.

IT is an *Art* instructs him how to have
The world in scorn, and measure out his Grave.

VIII. *Christ's four Houses.*

HIs first House was the blessed Virgin's *Womb*;
The next, a *Cratch*; the third, a *Cross*; the fourth, a
(*Tomb.*

IX. *Of Light and Heat.*

(bright,
MArk but the Sun-beams; when they shine most
They lend this lower world both heat and light:
They both are Children of the self-same Mother,
Twins, not subsisting one without the other;
They both conspire unto the *common good*,
When in their proper places understood:
Is't not rebellion against *Sense* to say,
Light helps to quicken: or, the beams of day
May lend a *Heat*, and yet no light at all?
'Tis true, some obvious *Shade* may chance to fall
Upon the quickned *Plant*, yet not so great,
To quench the operation of the *Heat*:

The *Heat*, cannot be parted from the *Light*,
Nor yet the *Light* from *Heat*; They neither might
Be mingled in the *Act*, nor found asunder.
Distinguish now, fond man: or, stay and wonder.
Know then;
Their virtues differ, though themselves agree,
Heat vivifies; *Light* gives man power to see
The thing so vivified: No *Light* no *Heat*:
And where the *heat*'s but small, the *light*'s not great.
They are inseparable and sworn *Lovers*,
Yet differing thus; *that* quickens, *this* discovers:
Within these lines a sacred Myst'ry lurks;
The *heat* resembles *Faith*; *the light*, *Good works*.

X. *On* Judas Iscariot.

SOme curse that Traitor *Judas* life and limb;
God knows, some curse themselves in cursing him.

XI. *On the Possession of the Swine.*

WHen as our blessed *Saviour* did un-devil
The man possest, the spirits, in conclusion,
Entred the *Swine* (being active still in evil)
And drove them headlong to their own confusion.
Drunkards beware, and be advised then,
They'l find you as you y'are *Swine*, *if not* as *Men*.

XII. *On a Sun-Dial.*

THe Horizontal *Dial*, can bewray
To the sad *Pilgrim* the hour of the *Day*:
But if the *Sun* appear not his Adviser,
His eye may look, yet he prove ne're the wiser:
Alas, alas! there's nothing can appear,
But only *Types*, and shadow'd *Figures* there,

This Dial is the *Scripture*, and the Sun,
God's holy *Spirit*, *We*, the lookers on:
Alas, that sacred *Letter*, which we read,
Without the *Quickning* of the *Spirit*'s dead:
The knowledge of our *Peace* improves no better;
Than if our eyes had not beheld a Letter:
I, but this glorious *Sun* shines always bright:
I, but we often stand in our own light.
Use then the day, for when the day is gone,
There will be *darkness*; there will be no Sun.

XIII. *On the three Christian Graces.*

Faith.

IT is a *Grace*, that teacheth to deprave not
The *goods* we have; to *have* the *goods* we have not.

Hope.

IT is a *Grace*, that keeps th' Almighty blameless
In long delay: And men (in begging) shameless.

Charity.

IT is a *Grace*, or Art to get a Living,
By selling Land; and to grow rich, by giving.

XIV. *On a Feast.*

THe *Lord* of Heaven and Earth has made a *Feast*,
And ev'ry *Soul* is an invited Guest;
The *Word*'s the food; the *Levites* are the Cooks;
The Fathers Writings are the *Diet-Books*;
But seldom us'd; for 'tis a fashion grown,
To recommend made *Dishes* of their own:

What they ſhould *boyl*, they *bake*; what *roſt*, they *broil*:
Their luſhious *Sallats* are too ſweet with *oyl*:
In brief, 'tis now a dayes too great a fault,
T'have too much *Pepper*, and too little *Salt*.

XV. *On* Dives.

THat drop-requeſting *Dives* did deſire
His Brothers might have warning of that *Fire*,
Whoſe flames he felt: Could he, a Fiend, wiſh well
To man? What, is there Charity in Hell?
Each ſoul that's damned, is a *Brand* of fire,
To make Hell ſo much hotter; And the nigher
In blood or love they be, that are tormented,
The more their pains and torments are augmented:
No wonder then, if *Dives* did deſire,
His brothers might have warning of that Fire.

XVI. *On outward ſhew.*

JUdge not that *Field*, becauſe 'tis Stubble;
Nor him that's poor, and full of trouble:
Though th'one look bare, the t'other thin,
Judge not; their *Treaſure* is within.

XVII. *On the reading of the Scriptures.*

IN reading of the Sacred *Writ*, beware,
Thou climb no *ſtile*, when as a *gap* ſtands fair.

XVIII. *On the Life of Man.*

OUr Life's the *Model* of a Winter's day!
Our Soul's the *Sun*, whoſe faint and feeble *Ray*
Gives our Earth light, a *light* but weak, at ſtrongeſt;
But low, at higeſt; very ſhort, at longeſt:

The

The childish tears that from our eyes do pass,
Is like the *Dew* that pearls the morning grass;
When as our *Sun* is but an hour high,
We go to *School*, to learn; are *Whipt*, and cry:
We truant up and down; we make a spoil
Of precious time, and sport in our own toil:
Our Bed's the quiet *Grave*, wherein we lay
Our weary Bodies tyred with the Day:
The early *Trumpet*, like the morning Bell:
Calls to account: where they that have learn'd well
Shall find *Reward*; and such as have mis-spent
Their time shall reap an earned punishment.
No wonder then to see the *Sluggard*'s eyes,
So loath to go to Bed, so loath to rise.

XIX. *On the Crowing of a Cock.*

THe Crowing of a Cock doth oft fore-show
A change of Weather; *Peter* found it so:
The *Cock* no sooner crew, but by and by
He found a change of *Weather* in his eye.
'Tis an easie thing to say, and to swear too,
Wee'l die for Christ; but 'tis as hard to do.

XX. *On Mammon.*

M*Ammon*'s grown rich: does *Mammon boast of that?*
The stalled *Ox*, as well may boast Hee's fat.

XXI. *On Church-contemners.*

THose *Church-Contemners*, that can easily wa'gh
The profit of a *Sermon* with a *Play*;
Whose testy stomacks can digest as well,
A profer'd Injury, as a sermon-Bell;

That

That say unwonted *Pray'rs* with the like wills,
As queazie Patients take their loathed *Pills*;
To what extremity would they be driv'n,
If God, in Judgment should but give them Heav'n?

XXII. *On* Morus.

HE is no *Flemming*; for he cannot *swill*:
No *Roman*, for his stomack's fleshly still;
He cannot be a *Jew*; he was *baptiz'd*:
Nor yet a *Gentile*, he was *circumcis'd*:
He is no true man, for he lies a-trot:
Prophane he is not; for he swears ye not:
What is he then? One Feast without a *Bill*,
Shall make him all; or, which of all ye will.

XXIII. *On the Hypocrite.*

NO man's condition is so base as his,
None more accurs'd than *he*: for *Man* esteems
Him hateful, 'cause he seems not what he is:
God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seems.
What grief is absent, or what mischief can
Be added to the hate of *God* and *Man*!

XXIV. *On a Pilgrim.*

THe weary *Pilgrim*, oft, doth ask, and know,
How far he's come; how far he has to go;
His way is tedious, and his way oppreſt,
And his desire is to be at his *Rest*.
Our life's a *Warfare*; yet fond Man delays
To enquire out the number of his *Days*;
He cares not, He, how slow his howers spend;
His Journey's better than his Jorney's end.

XXV.

XXV. *On the Needle of a Sun-Dial.*

BEhold this needle, when the *Artick* stone
Had touch'd it, how it trembles up and down,
Hunts for the *Pole*; and cannot be possest
Of peace, until it find that point, that rest;
Such is the *heart* of man: which when it hath
Attain'd the virtue of a lively Faith,
It finds no rest on earth, makes no abode,
In any object, but his *Heaven*, his *God*.

XXVI. *On Affliction.*

WHen thou afflict's me, Lord, if I repine,
I shew my self to be my own, not thine.

XXVII. *On a Sun-Dyal.*

GO, light the *Candle*: By that light make tryal,
How the night spends it self, by the *Sun-Dyal*:
Go, search the *Scripture*, Labour to encrease
In the diviner knowledg of thy *Peace*,
By thy own light, derived from thy Mother:
Thou maist as easly, do the one, as t'other.

XXVIII. *On* Peter.

WHen walking *Peter* was about to sink
In the Sea, In what a case, d'ye think,
Had been, if he had trusted his complaint
To th' intercession of some helpful *Saint*?
Believe it, if *Romes* doctrine had been found
And soundly follow'd, *Peter* had been drown'd.

XXIX. *On*

XXIX. *On Merits.*

FIe ! *Rome*'s abus'd : Can any be thought able
To merit Heav'n by *works* ? 'tis a meer fable.
If so : stout *Rome* had never been so faint
To move her sute by a collateral *Saint*.

XXX. *On* Servio.

S*Ervio* serves God ; *Servio* has bare relation,
Not to God's *glory*, but his own *salvation* :
Servio serves God for life ; *Servio*, 'tis well :
Servio may find the cooler place in Hell.

XXXI. *A Soliloquie.*

WHere shall I find my God ? O where, O where,
Shall I direct my steps to find him there ?
Shall I make search in swelling bags of *Coin* ?
Ah no ; for *God* and *Mammon* cannot joyn :
Do beds of *Doun* contain this heavenly Stranger ?
No, no, He's rather cradled in some *Manger* :
Dwells he in wisdom ? Is he gone that road ?
No, no, Mans Wisdom's foolishness with God :
Or hath some new *Plantation*. yet unknown,
Made him their King, adorn'd him with their *Crown* ?
No, no, the Kingdoms of the earth think scorn
T'adorn his Brows with any *Crown* but *Thorn*.
Where shall I trace, or, where shall I go wind him :
My Lord is gone ; and O ! I cannot find him :
I'le ransack the dark *Dungeons*, I'le enquire
Into the *Furnace* after the sev'nth fire :
I'le seek in *Daniel*'s Den, and in *Paul*'s Prison ;
I'le search his *grave*, and see if he be risen :

I'le

I'le go to th'house of *mourning*; and I'le call
At every alms abused *Hospital*:
I'le go and ask the *Widdow* that's oppreſt?
The heavy laden that inquireth reſt.
I'le ſearch the corners of all broken *hearts*;
The wounded *Conſcience*, and the *ſoul* that *ſmarts*.
The *Contrite Spirit* fill'd with filial ſear;
I, there he is, and no where elſe but there:
Spare not to ſcorge thy pleaſure, O my God,
So I may find thy *preſence* with thy *Rod*.

XXXII. *On* Daniel *in the Den.*

Fierce Lions roaring for their prey! and then
Daniel thrown in! and *Daniel* yet remain
Alive! There was at *Lion*, in the *Den*,
Was *Daniel*'s friend, or *Daniel* had been ſlain.
Among ten thouſand *Lions* I'de not fear,
Had I but only *Daniel's Lion* there.

XXXIII. *On thoſe that deſerve it.*

O When our Clergy, at the dreadful *Day*,
Shall make their audit; when the *judge* ſhall ſay,
Give your accounts: what have my lambs been fed?
Say, do they all ſtand ſound? Is there none dead
By your defaults? Come Shepheards bring them forth
That I may crown your labours in their worth.
O what an anſwer will be given by ſome!
We have been ſilenc'd, Canons ſtruck us dumb;
The Great ones would not let us feed thy flock,
Unleſs we play'd the fools, and wore a Frock:
We were forbid unleſs we'd yield to ſign
And croſs their *Brows*, they ſay, *a mark of thine*,
To ſay the truth, great Judge, they were not fed,
Lord, here they be; but Lord, they be all dead.

Ah cruel Shepherds! Could your conſcience ſerve
Not to be fools, and yet to let them ſtarve?
What if your Fiery ſpirit had been bound
To Antick habits, or your heads been *crown'd*
With *Peacocks* Plumes; had ye been forc'd to feed
Your Saviour's dear-bought Flock in a fools *weed*:
He that was ſcorn'd, revil'd, endur'd the *Curſe*
Of a baſe death, in your behalfs; nay worſe,
Swallow'd the cup of Wrath, charg'd up to th' *brim*;
Durſt you not ſtoop to play the fools for him.

XXXIV. *Do this and live.*

Do this and live? 'Tis true, great God, then who
Can hope for life? for who hath power to *Do?*
Art thou not able? is thy taſk too great?
Canſt thou deſire help? Canſt thou intreat
Aid from a ſtronger Arm? Canſt thou conceive
Thy *Helper* ſtrong enough? Canſt thou believe
The ſufferings of thy dying Lord can give
Thy drooping ſhoulders reſt? *Do this and live.*

XXXV. *On* Joſeph *and his Miſtreſs.*

When as the *Ægyptian Lady* did invite
Well-favour'd *Joſeph* to unchaſt delight,
How well the motion and the place agreed!
A beaſtly *place*, and 'twas a beaſtly *Deed*:
A place well ſeaſon'd for ſo foul a ſin;
Too ſweet to ſerve ſo foul a Maſter in.

XXXVI. *On* Scriptum eſt.

Some words excel in virtue, and diſcover
A rare concluſion, thrice repeated over:

our *Saviour* thrice was tempted: thrice represt
Th'assaulting *Tempter* with thrice *Scriptum est.*
If thou wouldst keep thy soul secure from harm,
Thou know'st thy words: It is a potent *Charm.*

XXXVII. *On the flourishing of the Gospel.*

HOw do our *Pastures* flourish, and refresh
Our uberous *Kine*, so fair, so full of flesh!
How do our thriving *Cattel* feed our young
With plenteous *Milk*; and with their *flesh* the strong:
Heavens bless our *Charles*, as he did our late *James*,
From *Pharoh*'s troubles, and from *Pharoh's Dreams.*

XXXVIII. *On* Joseph's *Speech to his Brethren.*

GO fetch your *Brother* (saith th' *Ægyptian* Lord)
If you intend our Garners shall afford
Your craving wants their so desir'd supplies;
If *He* come not, by *Pharoh*'s life y'are *Spies*:
Ev'n as your suits expect to find our Grace,
Bring *Him*, or dare not to behold my face:
Some little food to serve you on the way,
We here allow, but not to feed delay;
When you present your *Brother* to our hand,
Ye shall have plenty and possess the Land,
Away, and let your quick obedience give
The earnest of your Faiths, Do this and live:
If not, your wilful wants must want supply,
For ye are *Spies*, and ye shall surely die:
Great God, the *Ægyptian* Lord resembles *Thee*,
The Brother's *Jesus*, and the Suiters *We*.

XXXIX.

XXXIX. *Of common Devotion.*

OUr *God* and *Souldiers* we alike adore,
Ev'n at the Brink of danger, not before?
After deliverance both alike requited;
Our *God*'s forgotten, and our *Souldier*'s slighted.

XL. *On the day of Judgment.*

O When shall that time come, when the loud *Trump*
Shall wake thy sleeping Ashes from the Dump
of their sad *Vrn*! that blessed *Day* where-in
My glorifi'd, my Metamorphiz'd Skin
Shall circumplex and terminate that fresh
And new-refined substance of this flesh!
When my transparent Flesh discharg'd from groans
And pains, shall hang upon new polisht *Bones*!
When as my body shall re-entertain
Her cleansed Soul, and never part again!
When as my Soul shall by a new Indenture,
Possess her new-built *House*, come down and enter!
When as my Body and my Soul shall plight
Inviolable Faith, and never fight
Nor wrangle more, nor altercate agin,
About the strife-begetting question, *Sin*!
When Soul and Body shall receive their Doom
Of *O ye blessed of my Father, Come*!
When death shall be exil'd, and damn'd to dwell
Within her proper and true Center, *Hell*!
Where that old *Tempter* shall be bound in Chains,
And overwhelm'd with everlasting pains;
While I shall sit, and, in full Glory, sing
Perpetual *Anthems* to my *Judge*, my *King*.

XLI.

XLI. *On Death.*

WHy should we not as well desire *Death*,
As Sleep; No difference, but a little Breath?
'Tis all but *Rest*; 'tis all but a Releasing?
Our tyr'd limbs; Why then not alike pleasing?
Being burthen'd with the sorrows of the *Day*,
We wish for Night; which being come, we lay
Our body down; yet when our very Breath
Is irksom to us, w'are affraid of *Death*.
Our *Sleep* is oft accompanied with Frights,
Distracting Dreams, and dangers of the nights;
When in the Sheets of *Death*, our Body's sure
From all such evils, and we sleep secure.
What matter, *Down* or *Earth*? what Boots it whether!
Alas our body's sensible of neither.
Things that are senseless feel not pains nor ease;
Tell me, and why not *Worms* as well as *Fleas*?
In *Sleep*; we know not whether our clos'd eyes
Shall ever wake; from *Death* w'are sure to rise:
I, but 'tis long first: O, is that our fears?
Dare we turst God for *Nights*? and not for *Years*?

XLII. *On the Body of Man.*

MAns body's like a *House*: H's greater *Bones*,
Are the main *Timber*; and the lesser Ones,
Are smaller *Splints*: His ribs are *Laths*, dawb'd ov'r,
Plaster'd with *flesh* and *blood*: his mouth's the *Door*:
His throat's the narrow *Entry*: and his heart
Is the *Great Chamber*, full of curious Art;
His *Midriff* is a large partition *wall*,
'Twixt the *Great Chamber*, and the spacious *Hall*:
His *Stomack* is the *Kitchin*, where the Meat
Is often but half sod, for want of *Heat*;

His

His Spleen's a *Vessel*, Nature doth allot,
To take the *skum* that rises from the Pot.
His Lungs are like the *Bellows* that respire
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry fire.
His Nose, the *Chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such Fumes as with the *Bellows* are augmented;
His Bowels are the *Sink*, whose part's to drain
All noisom filth, and keep the *Kitchin* clean:
His eyes like Crystal *Windows*, clear and bright
Lets in the *Object*, and lets out the *sight*:
And as the *Timber* is, or great or small,
Or strong or weak, 'tis apt to stand or fall,
Yet is the likeliest building sometimes known,
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown
Oft times by Tempests, by the full mouth'd *Blasts*
Of Heav'n; Sometimes by fire; Sometimes it wasts
Through unadvis'd *neglect*: Put case, the *stuff*
Were ruin-proof, by nature strong enough,
To conquer *Time* and *Age*: Put case, it should
Ne'r know an end: Alas, our *Leases* would.
What hast thou then, Proud *flesh* and *blood*, to boast?
Thy dayes are evil at the best, but few at most;
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest.

XLIII. *On the Young man in the Gospel.*

HOw well our *Saviour* and the *landed-Youth*
Agreed a little while? And, to say truth,
Had he had will and power in his hand,
To keep the *Law*, but as he kept his *Land*;
No doubt, his soul had found the sweet fruition
Of his own choise desires without petition:
But he must *Sell* and *Follow*, or else not
Obtain his Heaven; O now, his Heaven's too hot;

He

He cannot ſtay, he has no buſineſs there:
Hee'l rather miſs, than buy his Heav'n too dear:
When Broth's too hot for haſty Hounds, how they will lick their ſcalded lips and ſneak away!

XLIV. *On Man's goodneſs, and God's love.*

GOd loves not man, becauſe that man is *good*;
For man is ſinful, becauſe fleſh and blood:
We argue falſe: it rather may behove us,
To think us *good*, 'cauſe God thinks good to love us;
He that ſhall argue up from Man to God,
Takes but the pains to gather his own *Rod*:
Who from ſuch Premiſſes, ſhall draw's *Concluſion*,
Makes but a *Syllogiſm* of his own confuſion.

XLV. *On Man's Plea.*

MAn's *Plea* to *Man*, is, that he never more
Will beg, and that he never begg'd before:
Mans plea to God, is, that he did obtain
A former Suit, and therefore ſues again.
How good a God we ſerve; that when we ſue
Makes his old gifts th'examples of his new!

XLVI. *On* Furio.

F*Urio* will not forgive; *Furio* beware:
Furio will curſe himſelf in the *Lord's Prayer*.

XLVII. *On* Martha *and* Mary.

M*Artha* with joy, receiv'd her bleſſed Lord,
Her Lord ſhe welcoms, feaſts, and entertains:
Mary ſat ſilent, hears, but ſpeaks no word,
Martha takes all, and *Mary* takes no pains:

Mary's to hear; to feast him, *Martha*'s care is:
Now which is greater *Martha*'s love or *Mary*'s?

Martha is full of trouble to prepare,
Martha respects his good beyond her own;
Mary sits still at ease, and takes no care,
Mary desires to please her self alone.
The pleasure's *Maries*, *Martha*'s all the care is,
Now which is greater, *Martha*'s love or *Mary*'s?

'Tis true, our blessed Lord was *Martha*'s Guest,
Mary was His, and in his feast delighted,
Now which hath greater reason to love best,
The bountiful Invitor, or the invited?
Sure, both lov'd well; But *Mary* was the debter,
And therefore should, in reason, love the better.

Marie's was spiritual, *Martha*'s love was carnal;
Th'one kist his hand, the other, but the Glove;
As far as mortal is beneath eternal,
So far is *Martha*'s less than *Mary*'s love.
How blest is he, great God, whose heart remembers
Mary's to thee, and *Martha*'s to thy Members!

XLVIII. *On our blessed Saviour.*

WE often read our blessed *Saviour wept*;
But never laught, and seldom that he *slept*.
Ah, sure his heavy eyes did wake, and *weep*,
For us that sin, so oft, in *mirth* and *sleep*.

XLIX. *On Sins.*

Sins in respect of Man, all Mortal be;
All venial, *Jesu*, in respect of *Thee*.

L. *On Man's behaviour to God.*

WE use our God, as Us'rers do their bands;
We often bear him in our *hearts*, our *hands*.
His *Paths* are beaten, and his *Ways* are trod,
So long as hee's a profitable God:
But when the Money's paid, the profits taken,
Our *bands* are cancel'd, and our God's forsaken.

LI. *On Man's cruelty.*

AND dar'st thou venture still to live in Sin,
And crucifie thy dying Lord agin?
Were not his *Pangs* sufficient? must he bleed
Yet more? O, must our sinful pleasures feed
Upon his *Torments*, and augment the Story
Of the sad Passion of the Lord of *Glory*!
Is there no pitty? Is there no remorse
In humane breasts? Is there a firm divorce
Betwixt all Mercy and the hearts of Men?
Parted for ever? ne're to meet agen;
No *mercy* bides with us: 'Tis thou alone,
Hast it sweet *Jesu* for us, that have none
For thee: thou hast forestall'd our *Markets* so,
That all's *Above*, and we have none *Below*:
Nay, blessed Lord, we have not wherewithall
To serve our shiftless selves, unless we call
To thee, that art our *Saviour*, and hast power
To give, and whom we crucifie, each hower:
W'are cruel (Lord) to thee, and our selves too;
JESU *forgive's*; *we know not what we do.*

LII. *On Man's progress.*

THE Earth is that forbidden *Tree* that grows
I'th' midst of *Paradise*, her *Fruit* that shows

So sweet, so fair, so pleasing to the eyes,
Is worldly Pleasure in a fair disguize:
The *Flesh* suggests: *The fruit is fair and good;*
Apt to make Wise, and a delicious food;
It hath a secret virtue, wherewithall
To make you Gods; and not to die at all.
Man tastes, and tempts the frailty of his Brother,
His Brothers eats; One bit calls on another;
His guilty *Conscience* opes his eyes; he sees,
He sees his empty nakedness, and flees;
He stitches slender *Fig-leaves*, and does frame
Poor Arguments, t'excuse his sin, his shame:
But in the cooler *evening* of his Days,
The voice calls, *Adam: Adam*'s in a Maze:
His *Conscience* bids him run: the voice pursues;
Poor *Adam* trembles, e're he knows the news:
Adam must quit the Garden, lest he strive
To taste the saving *Tree of life*, and live;
Poor man must go; but whither is he bound?
Ev'n to the place from whence he came, the *Ground*.

LIII. *On the two great Flouds.*

TWo *Flouds* I read of; *Water* and of *Wine*;
The first was *Noah's*; *Lot*, the last was thine,
The first was the *Effect*, the last, the *Cause*,
Of that foul sin, against the sacred Laws
Of God and Nature, *Incest*: *Noah* found
An *Ark* to save him, but poor *Lot* was drown'd:
Good *Noah* found an *Ark*, but *Lot* found none;
W'are safer in God's hands, than in our own:
The former flood of *Waters*, did extend
But some few days; this latter has no end.
They both destroyed, I know not which the worst,
The *last*, is ev'n as gen'ral, as the *first*:

The first being ceas'd the World began to fill;
The last depopulates, and wastes it still:
Both *Floods* ore-whelm'd, both Man and Beast together
The last is worst, if there be best of either:
The first are ceas'd: Heav'n vow'd it by a Sign:
When shall we see a Rain-bow after Wine?

LIV. *On* Fuca.

FVca, thou quot'st the Scriptures on thy side,
And mak'st *Rebecca* patronize thy Pride;
Thou say'st that she wore *Ear-rings*: Did she so;
Know this withall; She bore the *Pitcher* too:
Thou may'st, like her, wear *Ear-rings*, if thy Pride
Can stoop to what *Rebacca* did beside.

LV. *On* Abraham's *Servant*.

THis faithful *Servant* will not feed, until
He do his trust-reposing Master's Will;
There's many, now, that will not eat before
They speed their *Masters* work: *They'l drink the more.*

LVI. *On* Alexander.

NO marvel, thou, great *Monarch* didst complain
And weep there were no other worlds to gain,
Thy griefs and thy complaints were not amiss,
H'as grist enough, that finds no world but this.

LVII. *On Rash Judgment.*

JUdge not too fast; this *Tree* that does appear
So barren, may be fruitful the next year:
Hast thou not patience to expect the hour?
I fear, thy own are *Crabs*, they be so sour;

Thy Judgment oft may tread beside the text,
A *Saul* to day, may prove a *Paul* the next.

LVIII. *On* Jacob's *Purchase.*

HOw poor was *Jacob*'s motion, and how strange
His offer! how unequal was th'exchange!
A mess of *Pottage* for inheritance?
Why could not hungry *Esau* strive t'enhaunce
His price a little? So much under foot;
Well might he give him bread and drink to boot:
An easie price! the case is ev'n our own;
For toys we often sell our *Heaven*, our *Crown.*

LIX. *On* Esau.

WHat hast thou done; Nay, what shall *Esau* do?
Lost both his *Birth-right* and his *Blessing* too!
What hath poor *Esau* left but empty tears,
And plaints that cannot reach the old man's ears?
What with the Father's *Diet* and thine own.
Thy *Birth-right*'s alien'd and thy *Blessing*'s gone;
How does one mischief overtake another?
In both, how overtaken by a Brother?
Could thy imperious stomack but have stay'd,
And if thy Father's had not been delay'd,
Thou hadst not need have wept and pleaded so,
But kept thy *Birth-right* and thy *Blessing* too.
Had thy unprosperous, thy unlucky hand
Dispach'd thy *Ven'zon*, as it did thy Land,
Thy sorrows had not made so great a heap;
That had not been so dear, nor this so cheap:
Had thine giv'n place but to thy Father's will,
Th'adst thy *Birth-right*, and thy *Blessing* still.

LX. *On*

LX. *On the absence of a Blessing.*

THe Blessings gone, what do's there now remain?
Esau's offended; *Jacob* must be slain:
The heart of man once emptied of a Grace,
How soon the *Devil* justles in the place!

LXI. *On the younger Brother.*

I Know, the *Elder* and the *Younger* too,
Are both alike to God; not one, nor other
Can plead their years: but yet we often do
Observe, the blessing's on the *Younger Brother*:
The Scripture notes it, but does spare to show
A reason; therefore, I despare to know.

LXII. *On* Cain.

BEfore that *Monster* spilt his Brother's Blood,
W'are sure the *fourth* part of the world was good.
O. what a dearth of goodness did there grow,
When the *fourth* part was murder'd at a blow!

LXIII. *On the righteous Man.*

PRomise is debt: And debt implies a *payment*:
How can the righteous then doubt *food* and *raiment*?

LXIV. *On Faith, Love and Charity.*

BY nature *Faith* is fiery, and it tends
Still upwards: *Love*, by native course, descends;
But *Charity* whose nature doth confound
And mix the former two, moves ever round.
Lord, let thy *Love* descend, and then the fire
Of sprightly *Faith*, shall kindle, and aspire:

O, then my circling *Charity* shall move
In proper motion, mixt of *Faith* and *Love*.

LXV. *On* Jacob's *Pillow*.

THe Bed was *Earth*, the raised Pillow *Stones*,
Whereon poor *Jacob* rests his Head, his Bones;
Heaven was his *Canopie*; the shades of night
Were his drawn *Curtains*, to exclude the *Light*;
Poor state of *Isaac*'s heir! it seems to me,
His Cattel found as soft a *Bed* as he:
Yet God appeared there, his *Joy*, his *Crown*;
God is not always seen in Beds of Doun;
O, if that God, shall please to make my *Bed*,
I care not where I rest my bones, my head;
With thee, my wants can never prove extream,
With *Jacob*'s *Pillow*, give me *Jacob*'s *Dream*.

LXVI. *On Faith*.

FAith does acknowledge *gifts*, although we have not
It keeps unseen those sins Confession hid not;
It makes us to enjoy the goods we have not;
It counts as done, those pious deeds we did not;
It works, endows, it freely accepts, it hides:
What Grace is absent, where true *Faith* abides?

LXVII. *On* Zacheus.

ME thinks, I see, with what a busie haste,
Zacheus climb'd the *Tree*: But, O how fast,
How full of speed, canst thou imagine (when
Our *Saviour* call'd) he powder'd down agen!
He ne'r made tryal, if the boughs were sound,
Or rotten; nor how far 'twas to the ground:

There

There was no danger fear'd; at such a Call,
He'l venture nothing, that dare fear a fall,
Needs must he down, by such a *Spirit* driver,
Nor could he fall unless he fell to *Heaven*.
Down came *Zacheus* ravisht from the tree,
Bird that was shot ne'r dropt so quick as he.

LXVIII. *On the Thief and Slanderer.*

THe *Toief* and *Sland'rer* are almost the same,
T'one steals my *goods*, the other my *good name*,
T'one lives in scorn, the other dies in shame.

LXIX. *On* Abraham's *pleading for* Sodom.

HOw loath was righteous *Abraham* to cease,
To beat the price of lustful *Sodom*'s peace!
Mark how his holy boldness intercepts
God's *Justice*; brings his *Mercy* down by steps:
He dares not bid so few as *ten* at First;
Nor yet from *fifty* righteous persons, durst
His zeal, on sudden, make too great a fall,
Although he wisht salvation to them all.
Great God! thy dying *Son* has Pow'r to clear,
A World of sin, that one shall not appear
Before thine angry eyes: what wonder then,
To see thee fall, from *fifty* down to *ten*!

LXX. *On Man's goodness.*

THy hand, great God, created all things good,
But man rebell'd, and in defiance stood
Against his own *Creation*, and did stain,
Nay lost that goodness which the Beasts retain;
What hap has man, poor Man, above the rest,
That hath less goodness left him than a *Beast*!

LXXI.

LXXI. *On* Zacheus.

SHort legg'd *Zacheus*, 'twas the happiest *Tree*
That ever mortal climb'd, I mean to *Thee*;
Thy pains in going up, received the Crown
Of all thy labor, at thy coming down:
Thy Stature's lowness gave thee fair occasion
To mount that *Tree*, that *Tree*, to find *Salvation*:
But was't the *Tree*, *Zacheus*? No, 'twas *He*,
Whose bleeding Body dy'd upon the *Tree*.

LXXII. *On the Roman, Turk, and Atheist.*

THe *Roman* worships God upon the *wall*;
The *Turk*, a false *God*; th' *Atheist* none at all.

LXXIII. *On* Babel's *Building*.

GReat God, no sooner born, but we begin
Babel's accurs'd Foundation, by our *Sin*:
Our *thoughts*, our *words*, our *deeds*, are ever yielding
The sad *Materials* of our sinful Building:
Should not thy *Grace* prevent it, it would even
Rise, and rise up, until it reach'd to heaven:
Lord, 'ere our *Building* shall begin to shew,
Confound our *Language* and our *Building* too.

LXXIV. *On the Thief and the Lyer.*

THe *Lyer* and the *Thief* have one Vocation,
Their difference is but only in their *Fashion*:
They both deceive; but diversely proceed:
The first deceives, by *Word*; the last, by *Deed*.

LXXV.

LXXV. *On the* Egyptians *Famine.*

MArk but the course, the pin'd *Egyptians* run:
When all their *coin*, when all their *corn* is done
They come to *Joseph*, and their stomacks plead:
They change their *beasts* for *corn*, their *flocks* for *bread*;
Yet still they want: Observe now what they do;
They give their *Lands*, and yield their Bodies too;
Now they have *Corn* enough; and now they shall
Have *seed* to sow their barren soil withal;
Provided that the fifth of their increase
Be *Pharoh*'s: Now their stomacks are at peace:
Thus when the *Famine* of the Word shall strike
Our hungry *Souls*: our Souls must do the like.
We first must part with, (as by their directions)
Our Flocks our Beasts, our Bestial *Affections*;
When they are gone, and then must sinners do?
Give up their *Lands*, their *Souls* and *Bodies* too;
O, then our hearts shall be refresht and fed,
We shall have seed to sow, and present *bread*:
Allowing but the fifth of our increase,
We shall have plenty, and our souls have peace.
How art thou pleas'd, *good God*, that *Man* should live,
How slow art thou to take! how free to give!

LXXVI. *On* Zacheus.

WEll climb'd *Zacheus*, 'twas a step well giv'n:
From hence to th'*Tree*, & from the *Tree* to heav'n

LXXVII. *On the Plough-man.*

IHear the whistling *Plow-man* all day long,
Sweetning his labour with a chearful song:

His

His Bed's a Pad of *Straw*: his diet, coarse;
In both, he fares not better than his *Horse*:
He seldom slackes his thirst, but from the *Pump*;
And yet his heart is blithe, his visage, *plump*;
His thoughts are ne're acquainted with such things,
As *Griefs* or *Fears*: he only sweats and sings:
When as the landed-*Lord*, that cannot dine
Without a qualm, if not refresht with *Wine*;
That cannot judge that controverted case,
'Twixt meat and mouth, without the *Bribe* of Sauce;
That claims the service of the purest linnen,
To pamper and to shrowd his dainty skin in;
Groans out his days, in lab'ring to appease
The rage of either *Business* or *Disease*:
Alas, his silken *Robes*, his costly *Diet*,
Can lend a little pleasure, but no *Quiet*:
The untold sums of his descended wealth
Can give his body plenty, but no *Health*:
The one, in pains, and want, possesses all;
T'other, in plenty, finds no peace at all;
'Tis strange! And yet the cause is easily known;
T' one's at *God*'s finding; t'other at his own.

LXXVIII. *On a happy Kingdom.*

THat Kingdom, and none other, happy is,
Where *Moses* and his *Aaron* meet, and kiss.

LXXIX. *On God's appearance to* Moses.

GOd first apear'd, to *Moses* in the *Myre*;
The next time he appear'd h' appear'd in *Fire*;
The third time, he was known to *Moses* eye
Upon mount *Sinai*, cloathed in *Majesty*.
Thrice God appeares to man: First, wallowing in
His foul pollution, and base *Myre* of sin;

And

nd like to *Pharoh*'s daughter does bemone
ur helpless state, and draws us for his own:
he next time he appears in *fire*, whose bright
nd gentle flames, consume not, but give light;
is the fire of *Grace*, where man is bound
o d'off his *Shooes*, because 'tis *holy ground*,
he last appearance, shall be in that *Mount*,
Where ev'ry Soul shall render an Account
f *good* or *evil*, where all things transitory
hall cease; and *Grace* be crown'd with perfect *Glory*.

LXXX. *On God's Law.*

Thy sacred *Law*, O God,
Is like to *Moses Rod*:
If we but keep it in our hand
It will do Wonders in the Land;
If we slight and throw it to the ground,
'Twill turn a *Serpent*, and inflict a Wound.
A *Wound* that Flesh and Bloud cannot endure,
Nor salve, until the *Brazen Serpent* cure:
I wish not, *Lord*, thou should'st *withhold it*:
Nor would I have it, and not hold it:
O teach me then, my God,
To handle *Moses Rod*.

LXXXI. *On* Pharoh's *Bricks.*

Our God's not like to *Pharoh*; to require
His tale of *Brick*, and give no *Straw* for fire:
s workmen wanted *straw*, and yet were lasht
r not performance: we have *straw unthrasht*,
et we are idle, and we winch, and kick
gainst our Burthens, and return no *Brick*:
e spend our Straw for *Litter* in the Stable,
nd then we cry; Alas; *We are not able*;

Think

Think not on *Israel*'s sufferings, in that day
When thy offended Justice shall repay
Our labour; Lord, when thou upheav'st thy *Rod*,
Think *Pharoh* was a *Tyrant*; *Thou*, a *God*.

LXXXII. *On the unsatiableness of Man's heart.*

THis *Globe* of earth has not the pow'r to fill
The heart of Man, but it desires more still:
By him that seeks, the Cause is easily found,
The Heart's *Triangular*, the earth is *Round*;
He may be full, but never to the brim,
Be fill'd with Earth, till Earth be fill'd with him.

LXXXIII. *On* Pharoh's *hard-heartedness.*

PLagues after *Plagues*! And yet not *Pharoh* yield
T'enlarge poor *Israel*! Was thy *heart* so steel'd,
Rebellious *Tyrant*, that it dare withstand
The oft repeated *Judgment* of Heav'ns hand?
Should neither *Mercies Oyl*, or *Judgments thunder*
Dissolve, nor break thy flinty heart in sunder?
No, no, What *Sun-beams* soften not, they harden;
Purpos'd *Rebellions* are asleep to pardon.

LXXXIV. *On the change of* Pharoh's *fortune.*

OBserve what *peace* great *Pharoh*'s kingdom found
While *Joseph* liv'd; what *prosperous blessings* crown'd
His happy days! Heav'ns plague-inflicting hand
Was then a stranger to his *peaceful Land*;
Peace was entayl'd upon his Royal *Throne*,
His land had plenty, when the world had none;
His full desires over-flow'd their Brim,
Favours came down, unask'd, unsought by him;

His *Scepter* flourish'd, from a God unknown;
No need to trouble any of his own.
While *Joseph* liv'd his *blessings* had no end,
That God was his, whil'st he was *Joseph's* Friend;
These temporal blessings heaven doth often share
Vnto the wicked, at the good man's prayer.
But *Joseph* dies; And *Joseph's* Sons must fall
Beneath their burthens, and be scourg'd withal;
Whilst *Tyrant Pharoh's* more severer hand
Keeps them laborious *Prisoners* in his Land,
God oft permits his Children to be hurld
Into distress, to wean them from the World.
But *Pharoh's* blessings alter with his *Brow*;
The budding Scepter's turn'd a *Serpent* now;
His land must groan; her *plagues* must still encrease,
Till *Jacob's* Off-spring, shall find *Jacob's* peace;
God's Children are the apples of his eye,
Whose touch is death, if being toucht they cry.
Now *Tyrant Pharoh* dares no longer chuse,
Israel must go: *Pharoh* repents, pursues;
Pharoh wants *Brick*; *Pharoh* 'ere long, I fear,
Will find the purchase of his *Brick* too dear:
Moses holds forth his *Rod*, the *Seas* divide,
The *Waves* are turn'd to *Walls* on either side:
They pass secure; *Pharoh* pursues them still:
God leaves his Children to the brunt of Ill;
The chariot *Wheels* fly off, the *Harness* cracks;
One wants a *Nail*, the next a *Hammer* lacks;
How man is cross'd and puzzl'd in that plot,
Where Heaven denies success, and prospers not!
Moses holds forth his *Rod*; the *Eastern* wind
Calls back the *Tydes*, the parted *Waters* joyn'd
And overwhelm'd great *Pharoh* and *Pharoh's Host*;
None scap'd to tell the news; all drown'd and lost;
Thus thrives Rebellion: *Plagues* not doing good,
Oft times conclude their *Ceremony* in bloud.

Thus hardned hearts grow more and more obdure;
And heav'n cuts off, when Earth is most secure.

LXXXV. *On the First-born.*

THe *First-born* of th' *Ægytians* all were slain,
From him that holds the *Scepter* to the *Swain*:
But all that are *First-born* in *Israel* be
Accepted, Lord, and sanctified to thee:
Thy looks are always turn'd upon the prime
Of all our *Actions*, *Words*, our *Thoughts*, our *Time*;
Thy pleased eye is fixt upon the *First*;
And from the *Womb* w'are thine or else accurst.

LXXXVI. *On Baptized Infants.*

I Dare not judge those judgments ill advis'd,
That hold such *Infants* sav'd as die baptiz'd:
What hinders life? *Original* hath bin
New wash'd away; there's yet no *Actual sin*.
Death is the effect of *Sin*. The cause being gon,
What ground is left for Death to work upon?
I know not: But of *Israel*'s sons 'tis found.
Moses was sav'd; I read that none was drownd.

LXXXVII. *On the grumbling* Israelites.

NO sooner out, but grumble? Is the *Brick*
So soon forgotten? 'Tis a common trick:
Serve God in plenty; *Ægypt* can do thus;
No thanks to serve our God, when God serves us:
Some sullen Curs, *when they perceive a* Bone,
Will wag their tails and faun; but snarl if none.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII. *On Man's Rebellion.*

O How perverse is *Flesh* and *Bloud*! in whom
Rebellion blossoms from the very womb!
What Heav'n commands how lame we are to do!
And things forbid, how soon perswaded to!
We never read rebellious *Israel* did
Bow to strange gods; till *Israel* was forbid

LXXXIX. *On* Israel.

HAd *Israel*, in her want, been truly humbled,
Israel had pray'd, & *groan'd* to heav'n, not *grumbled*,
But *Isr'el* wanted food: *Isr'els* complaint
Could not be fervent; *Isr'el* being faint:
Isr'el gets food: Now *Isr'el* is so full,
That her Devotion and her Zeal is dull.
Lord, when art thou in season; When's the time,
To do thee service? When's our *Zeal* in prime?
'Tis always either not full ripe, or wasting:
We cannot serve our God, nor *Full* nor *Fasting*.

XC. *On the sinners Refuge.*

HE that shall shed, with a presumptuous hand,
The bloud of *Man*, must by thy just command
Be put to death; the *Murtherer* must die;
Thy Law denies him refuge where to flie.
Great God, our hands have slain *Man*, nay further,
They have committed a persumptuous murther
Upon a guiltless *Man*; Nay, what is worse,
They have betrayed our *Brother* to the Curse
Of a reproachful death; Nay, what exceeds,
It is our *Lord*, our dying *Saviour* bleeds:

Nay more, it is thy *Son*, thy only *Son*;
All this have we, all this our hands have done:
On what dear *Objects* shall we turn our eye?
Look to the *Law*; Oh! by the Law we die.
Is there no refuge, Lord? No place that shall
Secure our souls from death? Ah, none at all?
What shall poor mortals do? thy Laws are just,
And most irrevocable: Shall we trust
Or flie to our own *Merits*, and be freed
By our good works? I, there were help in deed!
Is there no *City* for a soul to flie
And save it self? Must we resolve to die?
O infinite! O, not to be exprest
Nay, not to be conceived by the brest
Of *Men* or *Angels*! O transcendent *Love*!
Incomprehensible! as far above
The reach of *Man*, as mans deserts are under
The sacred benefit of so blest a *Wonder*!
The very bloud our sinful hands have shed,
Cryes loud for *Mercy*, and those *Wounds* do plead
For those that made them: he that pleads, forgives;
And is both *God* and *Man*; both dead, and lives.
He whom we murther'd, is become our *Guardian*;
Hee's Man to suffer, and hee's God to pardon:
Here's our *Protection*; here, our refuge-City,
Whose living springs run *Piety* and *Pity*;
Go then, my soul, and pass the common bounds
Of *Passion*; Go, and kneel before his *Wounds*;
Go touch them with thy lips, thou needst not fear,
They will not bleed afresh, though thou be there:
But if they do, that very bloud thou spilt,
Believ't, will plead thy *Pardon*, not thy *Guilt*.

XCI. *On the deposing of Princes.*

I Know not by what virtue *Rome* depoſes
A Chriſtian *Prince* : did *Aaron* command *Moſes* ?
If ſacred Scriptures mention ſuch a thing :
Sure *Rome* has colour to depoſe a *King*.

XCII. *On* Peter's *Keyes.*

THe power of *Peter* does all power excell ;
He opens Heaven ; he ſhuts the doors of Hell ;
The *Keys* are his, in what a caſe were they,
Should *Peter*'s Suceſſors miſtake the *Key*?

XCIII. *On Offerings.*

ARe all ſuch *Offrings* as are cruſh'd, and bruis'd,
Forbid thy *Alter* ? may they not be us'd ?
And muſt all *broken things* be ſet apart ?
No, Lord : thou wilt accept a *Broken-heart*.

XCIV. *On Vſurers.*

OF all men, *Vſurers* are not leaſt accurſt ;
They rob the *Spittle*, pinch the afflicted worſt :
In others grief they'r muſt delighted in ;
Whileſt *Givers* ſuffer for the *Taker*'s ſin.
O how unjuſt a *trade* of life is that,
Which makes the *Lab'rers* lean, and th'*idle* fat !

XCV. *On Repentance.*

CAnſt thou recover thy conſumed *Fleſh*,
From the well-feaſted *Worms*, or put on freſh ?
Canſt thou redeem thy *Aſhes* from the dead ?
Or quit thy carkaſs from her *ſheet* of *Lead* ?

Canst thou awaken thy earth-closed eyes?
Unlock thy Marble monument and rise?
All this thou may'st perform, with as great ease,
As to repent thee, mortal, when thou please,
It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed*, that thou art in:
Th'art not *asleep*, but thou art *dead* in *sin*.

XCVI. *On Wine and Water.*

NAture and *Grace*, who ever tasted both,
Differ as much as *Wine* and *Water* doth:
This cleanseth (if not grosly stain'd with *Sin*)
The outward *Man*, but scours not within:
That chears the heart, and makes the courage bold,
Quickens and warms dead *spirits* that are cold:
It fires the *Blood* and makes the *Soul divine*:
O that my *Water*, Lord, were turn'd to *Wine*.

XCVII. *On* Balaam's *Aß.*

THe *Aß* that for her slowness was forbid
To be inployed in God's service, did
Perform good service now in being slow;
The *Aß* received stripes, but would not go:
She balk'd the way, and *Balaam* could not guide her
The *Aß* had far more wisdom than the *Rider*;
The *Message* being bad, the *Aß* was loth
To be the bearer: 'twas a happy Sloth;
'Twas well for *Balaam*: had his *Aß* but try'd
Another step, *Balaam* had surely dy'd.
Poor *Aß*! And was thy faithful service pay'd
With oft-repeated strokes? Had'st thou obey'd,
Thy Lord had bought thy travel with his blood,
Such is man's payment, often bad for good:
The *Aß* begins to question with his *Master*,
Argues the case, pleads why he went no faster;

Nay; shews him *Myst'ries* far beyond his reach;
Sure God wants Prophets, when dull Asses *preach*:
The *Ass* perceives the *Angel*, and falls down;
When *Balaam* sees him not, or sees unknown:
Nor is't a wonder this: God's *Spirit* did pass
From blindfold *Balaam* into *Balaam's Ass*.

XCIX. *On some raw Divines.*

SOme raw *Divines*, no sooner are espous'd
To their first *Wives*, and in the *Temple* hous'd,
But straight the *Peace* is broke: they now begin
T'appoint the *Field*, to fight their *Battails* in:
Schoolmen must war with *Schoolmen*, *text* with *text*;
The first's the *Caldee's Paraphrase*; the next
The *Septuagints*; *Opinion* thwarts *Opinion*;
The *Papist* holds the first; the last th' *Arminian*;
And then the Councils must be call'd t'advice,
What this of *Lateran* says, what that of *Nice*:
And here the point must be anew disputed,
Arius is false; and *Bellarmine's* confuted:
Thus with the sharp *Artillery* of their Wits,
Thy shoot at *random*, careless where they hits:
The slightly studied *Fathers* must be prayd
Although on small acquaintance, in to aid,
Whose glorious *Varnish* must impose a gloss
Upon their *Paint*, whose gold must gild their *dross*.
Now *Martin Luther* must be purg'd by them,
From all his *Errors*, like a School-boys *Theam*:
Free-will's disputed, *Consubstantiation*,
And the deep Ocean of *Predestination*.
Where, daring venture, oft, too far into't,
They *Pharoh* like, are drown'd both *Horse* and *Foot*;
Forgetting that the Sacred *Law* enjoynes
New-married men to sit beneath their *Vines*.

And chear their *Wives* : they must not venture out,
To *Wars*, until the Year be run about.

XCIX. *On buying of the Bible.*

'Tis but a folly to rejoyce or boast,
How small a *price*, thy well-bought *pen'worth* cost.
Until thy Death, thou shalt not fully know
Whether thy *Purchase* be good cheap, or no;
And at that day, believ't, it will appear,
If not extremely *cheap* extremely *dear*.

C. *On the buying of the New-Testament.*

Reader, if thou wilt prove no more
Than what I term thee, ev'n before,
Thou ask the price, turn back thine eye,
If otherwise, unclasp, and buy:
Know then, the *price* of what thou buy'st
Is the dear blood of *Jesus Christ*,
Which *price* is over dear to none,
That dares protest it with his *own*:
If thou stand guilty of the *price*,
Ev'n save thy purse-strings; and be wise,
Thy money will but, in conclusion,
Make purchase of thy own *Confusion*;
But if that guilt be done away,
Thou mayst as safely buy, as pay.

CI. To my Book.

My *Little* Pinnace, *strike thy* Sailes,
Let slip thy Anchor; *the* wind *failes*;
And Sea-men oft in Calms, *do fear*
That foul, and boistrous weather's near;

If a robustious Storm *should rise,*
And bluster from Censorious Eyes,
Although the swelling Waves be rough
And proud, thy Harbor's *safe enough:*
Rest, rest a while, till ebbing tides
Shall make thee stanch, *and* breme *thy sides;*
When winds *shall serve, hoist up thy* sail,
And fly before a prosp'rous gale;
That all the Coasters *may resort,*
And bid thee welcome to thy P O R T.

The end of the first *Book*.

DIVINE FANCIES.

The Second Book.

I. *To Almighty* God.

LORD, Thou requir'ſt the firſt of all our *Time*,
The firſt of all our *Actions*, and the prime
Of all our *Thoughts*: And, *Lord*, good reaſon, we,
When thou giv'ſt all ſhould give the *firſt* to thee:
But, O, we often rob thee of thy due,
Like *Ely*'s Children, whom thy Vengeance ſlue:
We pinch thy *Offering* to enlarge our *Fee*;
We keep the *Fat*, and carve the *Lean* to thee:
We thurſt our three-tooth'd *Fleſh-hook* in the *Pot*;
That only, what the *Fleſh-hook* taketh not,
We ſhare to the: Lord we are ſtill deceiving:
We take the *Prime*, and feed thee with our *Leaving*:
Our ſlutriſh *Bolls* are cream'd with Soil and Filth;
Our Wheat is full of *Chaff*; of *Tares*, our Tilth:
Lord, what in *Fleſh* and *Bloud* can there be had,
That's worth the having, when the beſt is bad!
Here's nothing *good*, unleſs thou pleaſe to make it;
O, then, if ought be worth the taking, take it.

II. *On God's Diet.*

DEar Lord, when we approach thy sacred *Fire*,
To burn our *Sacrifice*, thou do'st require
The *Heads* of every Beast that dyes, the *Hearts*,
Th' inclosed *Fat*, and all the *inward parts* :
Our *Senses* and our *Memories* must be,
All set apart, and sanctifi'd to thee,
The strength of our *Desires*, the best perfections
Of our imperfect *Wills*, the choise affections
Of our refined *Hearts*, must all conjoyn
To seek thy *Glory*, they must all be thine :
I know thy *Dyet*, Lord : Of all the rest,
Thou dost affect the *Head*, and *Purtenance* best.

III. *On* Moses *Birth, and Death.*

WE read, no sooner new-born *Moses* crept
Into his vail of *Tears*, but th' Infant wept ;
But being warned of his *Death*, his *Last*,
We find it story'd that he sung as fast:
These sev'ral Passions found their Reason, why,
He dy'd to live, but he was born to dye :
To whom this transitory life shall bring
Just cause to *weep*, their Death gives cause to *sing*.

IV. *On* Jeptha's *Vow.*

VIctorious *Jeptha*! could thy zeal allow
No other way, than by a rash-made *Vow*,
T'express thy *Thanks*? a *Vow*, whose undertaking
Was ev'n a Sin, more odious than the making :
'Twas cruel *Piety* that taught thee how
To paddle in thy *Daughters* Blood ; but thou

Unlucky

Unlucky *Virgin* ! was there none to be
Betwixt thy Father's mortal *Brow*, and *thee?*
Why cameſt thou forth, ſweet *Virgin* ? to what end
Mad'ſt thou ſuch needleſs haſte ? thou cameſt to lend
Thy filial *Triumph* to thy Father's *Wreath* ;
Thou thought'ſt to meet a *Bleſſing*, and not *Death* :
Raſh *Jeptha* ! may not thy repentance quit
That *Vow*, when raſhneſs was the cauſe of it ?
O canſt thou not diſpence with that, wherein
Thy ſtrict Religion's a preſumptuous *Sin* ?
Is ſhe unhappy, or thou cruel rather ?
Unhappy *Child*, and too too cruel *Father*.

V. *On* Jeſus *and* Sampſon.

AN *Angel* did to *Manoah's* wife appear,
And brought the news, her barren *womb* ſhould bear:
Did not another *Angel* ? if not he,
Thrice bleſſed *Virgin*, bring the ſame to thee ?
The Wife of *Manoah* (nine moneths being run)
Her Heav'n-ſaluted *womb*, brought forth a *Son*.
To thee ſweet *Virgin*, full of Grace, and Heaven,
A *Child* was born ; to us, a *Son* was given :
The name of hers was *Sampſon*, born to fight
For captiv'd *Iſrael* and a *Nazarite* :
Thine was a *Nazrite* too, and born to eaſe us
From Satan's burthens, and his name is *Jeſus*.
Sampſon eſpous'd, and took in marriage her
That was the child of an *Idolater* ;
Our *Jeſus* took a wife that bowed the knee,
And worſhipp'd unknown *gods*, as well as ſhee :
Aſſaulted *Sampſon* met, and had to do
With a fierce *Lion*, foyl'd, and ſlue him too :
Our conquering *Jeſus* purchas'd higher fame ;
His arm encountred *Death*, and overcame :

Victo.

Victorious *Sampson* stept aside, and drew
Pure honey from the carkass that he slew;
When our triumphing *Jesus* sought, and found
A greater *sweetness* in his *Lions* wound.
Uxorious *Sampson* pleases to divide
His purchas'd honey to his fairest *Bride*:
But what? Is *Sampson* singular in this?
Did not our *Jesus* do the like to his?
Sampson propounds a *Riddle*, and does hide
The folded Myst'ry in his faithless Bride;
Our blessed *Jesus* propounds *Riddles* too,
Too hard for man, his Bride unsought, t'undo;
The *Bride* forsakes her *Sampson*; do's betroth her
To a new *Love*, and falsly weds another;
And did not the adult'rous *Jews* forgoe
Their first Love, *Jesus*, and forsake him too?
Displeased *Sampson* had the choice to wed
The *younger Sister* in the *Elder's* stead;
Displeased *Jesus* hath espous'd the *Younger*;
God send her fairer; and affections stronger.
Sampson sent *Foxes* on his fiery errant,
Among their corn, and made their *crimes* his *warrant*:
Offended *Jesus* shews as able signs
Of wrath: His *Foxes* have destroyed their *Vines*;
Our *Sampson's* love to *Dalilah* was such,
That for her sake poor *Sampson* suffered much:
Our *Jesus*, had his *Dalilah*; For her
His soul became so great a Sufferer:
Sampson, was subject to theire *scorn* and *shame*?
And was not *Jesus*, even the very same?
Sampson, betrayed to the *Philistians* hands,
Was bound a while, but quickly brake his bands:
Jesus the first and second day, could be
The *graves* close Pris'ner: but, the third was free.
In this they differ'd: *Jesus*'s dying breath
Cry'd out for *Life*; But *Sampson*'s call'd for *Death*:

Father

ther, forgive them, did our *Jesus* cry;
t *Sampson*, *Let me be reveng'd and die*:
nce then *sweet Saviour*, 'Tis thy Death must ease us,
e fly from *Sampson*, and appeal to *Jesus*.

VI. *On* Ely's *double Censure.*

WHen barren *Hannah*, prostrate on the floor,
In heat of *zeal* and passion, did implore
dress from Heav'n, censorious *Ely* thought
e had been drunk, and checkt her for her fault:
ugh was his *Censure*, and his *check* austere;
ere mildness should be us'd, we are oft severe:
t when his lustful Sons, that could abuse
he *House* of God, making her Porch their *stues*,
ppear'd before him, his indulgent tongue
mpounded, rather than rebuk'd the wrong:
e dare not shoot, for fear he wound his *Child*;
ere we should be severe, w'are oft too mild.
nequal *Ely*! was the *sentence* just,
o censure *Zeal*, and not to punish *Lust*?
ould thy parental mildness but have past
he former by, as easly as the last;
had the last, by just proportion, bin
ted but like the first supposed sin,
rchance thy aged head had found increase
some few dayes, and gone to sleep in peace;
assions misplace'd are dangerous: Let all
emember *Ely's Faults*, with *Ely's Fall.*

VII. *On the refining of Gold.*

HAst thou observed how the curious hand
Of the *Refiner* seeks to understand
he inadult'rate pureness of his *gold*?
e weighs it first, and after does infold

In

In *Lead*, and then committs it to the *Fire*;
And, as the *lead* consumes, the *gold* draws nigher
To his perfection, without waste or loss
Of his pure substance, but his weight, his dross:
The great *Refiner* of man's baser *Heart*,
Uses the like, nay, shews the self-same *Art*;
He weighs it first, and finding it too full
Of *Trash*, and *Earth*, he wraps it in some dull
And leaden cross, of *punishment*, or *sin*;
Then, tries it in afflictions *Fire*: wherein
The *lead* and *dross* evaporate together,
And leaves the *Heart* refin'd, and quit of either:
Thus, though mans heart be lessen'd, by the *Cross*;
And lighter; 'Tis but lighter by the *Dross*.

VIII. *On* Dagon *and the Ark.*

WHat news with *Dagon*? Is thy shrine so hot,
Thou canst not keep it? or has *Dagon* got
The falling sickness, that his *godship*'s found
In such a posture, prostrate on the ground?
Poor helpless *god*! but stay! Is *Dagon* grown
So weak ith' hams: nor stand, nor rise alone?
A *god*, and cannot rise? 'Tis very odd!
He must have help, or lie: A *proper god*!
Well, *Dagon* must require help of hands;
Up *Dagon* goes the second time, and stands
As confident, as though his place had bin
His own, in *Fee*: down *Dagon* falls agin:
But *Dagon*'s shrewdly martyr'd with the jump,
Lost *Hands*, and *Head*, and nothing left but *stump*;
Sure all's not well with *Dagon*, now of late
He's either sick, or much forgot the State
Belonging to so great a *God*: hath none
Offer'd some stinking *Sacrifice*, or blown

Some

Some nauseous fume into his sacred *Nose*,
And made his *godship* dizzy? or who knows,
Perchance h'as taken pet, and will resign
His sullen place, and quit his empty shrine.
No wonder, a *false god* should stoop, and lye
Upon the floor, when as a *true God*'s by?
It was unlikely *Dagon* should forbear
Respite of *Homage* when the *Ark* was there;
If I would worship a false *god* at all,
It should be one that would not scorn to fall
Before his *Betters*; whose indifferent arm,
If it could do no good, could do no harm:
I'de rather choose to bend my idle knee,
Of all false *gods*, to such a *god* as he,
Whose spirit's not too *quick*; *The fabulous Frog*
Found greater danger in the Stork, than Log:
And to conclude, I'de choose him, *Dagon* like;
Not having *Head*, to plot: nor *Hand*, to strike.

IX. *On* Saul *and* David.

SUre *Saul* as little look'd to be a *King*,
As I: and *David* dream'd of such a thing
As much as he, when both alike did keep,
The one his Father's *Asses*, t'other *Sheep*:
Saul must forsake his *Whip*, and *David* flings
His *crook* aside, and they must both be *Kings*.
Saul had no *sword*, and *David* then no *spear*,
There was none *Conquer'd*, nor no *Conqu'ror* there,
There was no *sweat*, there was no *bloud* to shed:
The unsought Crown besought the *wearers* head,
There was no *Stratagem*, No Opposition
No taking parts, No jealous *Competition*.
There needs no *Art*, there needs no *Sword* to bring,
And place the *Crown*, where *God* appoints the *King*.

X. *On* David *and* Goliah.

SAtan's the great *Goliah*, that so boasts
And threats our *Israel*, and defies her *Hosts*:
Those smother *stones* courageous *David* took
From the soft bosome of the silver brook,
Are *Scriptum estis*: the *Sling* that gives them flight,
Is *Faith*; that makes them fly, and fly aright:
Lord, lend me *Davids sling*, and then I know,
I shall have *Davids strength*, and *courage* too:
Give me but skill to pick such *stones* as these,
And I will meet *Goliah* when he please.

XI. *On* Saul's *Witch.*

WHen *Saul* receiv'd no *answer* down from *heaven*,
How quickly was his jealous *passion* driven
A desp'rate Course! he needs must cure the *Itch*
Of his extreame desires by a *Witch*:
When we have lost our way to God, *how level*,
How easie to be found's the way to th' Divel.

XII. *On the necessity of Gods presence.*

WHen thou were present with thy *strengthning grace*,
Saul prophesied, and fought:
But when, *Great God*, thou didst withdraw thy *face*,
Murther was in his thought.
Thus as thou giv'st or tak'st away thy *hand*,
We either *fall* or *stand*.

XIII. Davids *Epitaph on* Jonathan.

HEre lies *the fairest* Flower *that stood*
In Isra'ls Garden; *now*, *in* Bloud:

Which Death to make her Garland *gay,*
Hath crept, against her Triumph-day:
Here, here, lies he whose Actions pend,
The perfect Copy *of a Friend:*
Whose milk white Vellum *did incur*
No least suspition of a Blur:
Here lies the example of a Brother
Not to be follow'd by another:
The fair indented Counter-part
Of Davids *joy, of* Davids heart.
Rest then, for ever rest alone,
Thy Ashes *can be touch'd by none,*
Till Death *hath pickt out such another?*
Here lies a Flower, *a* Friend, *a* Brother.

XIV. *On God's Word.*

GOds sacred *Word* is like the *Lamp* of day,
Which softens *wax*, but makes obdure the *clay*,
It either melts the *Heart* or more obdures;
It never falls in vain; it *wounds* or *cures*:
Lord, make my breast thy *Hive*, and then I know
Thy *Bees* will bring in *wax*, and *Honey* too.

XV. *On Man.*

BY Nature, Lord, men worse than nothing be;
And less than *Nothing*; if compar'd with *Thee*:
If less and worse than *Nothing*, tell me than,
Where is that *Something* thou so boasts, proud *Man*?

XVI. *On* Ahaz *Dyal.*

MAns *Heart*'s like *Ahaz Dial*, if it flees
Not forward, it goes backward ten *Degrees*.

XVII. *On Lust.*

LUst is an *Ignis fatuus*, that arises
From the base *Earth*, that plays her wanton prizes
In solitary parts, and ever haunts
Dark places, whose deceitful flame inchaunts
The wandering steps of the diverted *stranger*,
Still tempting his mis-guided fear to danger:
She never leaves till by her fair delusion,
She brings him headlong to his own *confusion*.

XVIII. *On* Thamar *and* Amnon.

SHe must be lov'd; then courted; and what more?
Enjoy'd; then hated; then expeld the door:
Amnon must be discover'd, must obtain
License to feast, and then be drunk, then slain:
O what repose is had in sinful *Breath*;
Whose *love* in *hate*, whose mirth concludes in *death*!

XIX. *On Love and Lust.*

THey'r wild, that take base lust for love's *half-brother*,
Yielding two *Fathers*, but the self-same *Mother*:
Lust, is a monster that's conceived and bred
Of the abused *Will*, maintain'd and fed
With *sensual thoughts*, of nature rude, uncivil:
Of life robustious, and whose *Sire*'s the Devil:
But *Love*'s the Child of th' uncorrupted *Will*,
Nourish'd with *Virtue*, poys'ned with the *swill*
Of base respects; of nature, sweet and mild:
In manners gentle, easly known whose *child*;
For, by the likness ev'ry eye may gather,
That hee's the Off-spring of a heavenly *Father*:

This, suffers all things, *That*, can suffer nothing:
This, never ends, *That*, ever ends in loathing:
Th'one, loves the *Darkneß* most; th'other, *Light*:
The last's the Child of *Day*, the first of *Night*.
The one is meek, *the other* full of fire:
This, never laggs, *That*, ever apt to tire:
Th'one's rash and furious, *T'other* milde and sage;
That dies with youth, whilst *this* survives with age:
Th'one's couragious, *T'other* full of fears,
That seeks, *the other* baulks both eyes and ears:
In brief, to know them both aright, and miss not,
In all respect, *th'one* is, what *th'other* is not:
So far from *Brothers*, that they seem disjoyn'd,
Not in *Condition* only, but in *kind*.
Admit a falshood, that they had one *Mother*,
The best that *Lust* can claim, 's a *Bastard-Brother*.
Great God, must thou be conscious of that *Name*,
Which jealous Mortals count the height of shame?
And not thy Nuptial *Bed* alone defil'd,
But to be charged with the base-born *Child*?
And yet not mov'd? and yet not move thy *Rod*?
Hast thou not cause to be a *Jealous God*?
Can thy just *Jealousies*, great God, be grounded
On man's disloyalty, not man confounded?

XX. *On a Tinder-Box.*

MY Soul is like to *Tinder*, whereinto
The Devil strikes a *spark* at ev'ry blow:
My heart's the *flint*, the *steel* temptation is;
And his suggestions hit, and never miss:
His *Hand* is ever sure, my *Tinder* apt to catch:
Soon sets afire ev'ry proffer'd *Match*.

XXI. *On* Achitophel.

SAge were thy *Counsels*, and as well apply'd,
If thou hadst had but *Loyalty* on thy side:
I like thy last *Design*, (above the rest)
When thou hadst set thine house in *order*, best:
In all exploits, the *Rule* is not so ample,
Not half so beneficial as th' *Example*:
Th' Almighty prosper *Christian* Crowns; and bless
All such like *Counsels*, with the like success:
Confound *Achitophel*, and, Lord, impart
His *Head* to us; and to our Foes, his *Heart*.

XXII. *On Sin.*

Vnhappy Man! *whose every breath*
Is Sin; *Whose every Sin is* Death.

SIN, first Original: then our actual *sin*:
Our *sins* that sally forth; our *sins* that lurk within:
Our wilful *sins*: and world of *sins* by chance:
Our conscious *sins*: our *sins* of darker Ignorance:
Our oft repeated *sins*: *Sins* never reckon'd:
'Gainst the first Table, *sins*: *Sins* done against the second:
Our pleading *sins*: our *sins* without a cause:
Our Gospel *sins*: rebellious *sins* against thy laws:
Our *sins* against our vows: fresh *sins* again:
Sin of infirmity: and high presumptuous *sin*:
Thus like our *Lines*, our *Lives* begin,
Continue, and conclude in *SIN*.

XXIII. *On the Sun and Stars.*

OUr dying Saviour's like the setting *Sun*:
His Saints, on earth, are like the *Stars in night*;

Experience

Experience tells us, till the Sun be gone,
The Stars appear not, and retain no *light*:
Till *Sun-set*, we discern no Stars at all:
And Saints receive their Glory in his *fall*.

XXIV. *On* Absolon *and* Sampson.

SAmpson's defect, and thy excess of *hair*,
Gave him his death, oth' ground, thee, thine ith' air:
His thoughts were too depreſt, thine soar'd too high.
As mortals live, so oftentimes they die.

XXV. *On Gods favour.*

GOds favour's like the *Sun*, whose *beams* appear
To all that dwell in the worlds *Hemisphear*,
Though not to all alike: to some they express
Themselves more radiant, and to others less:
To some they rise more early, and they fall
More late to others, giving day to all:
Some soil's more gross, and breathing more impure
And earthly *vapours* forth, whose foggs obscure
The dark'ned *Medium* of the moister air,
Whil'st other Soils, more perfect yield more rare
And purer *Fumes*, whereby those *Beams* appear,
To some, less glorious, and to some, more clear:
It would be ever *Day*; *Day*, always bright,
Did not our interposed *Earth* make night,
The *Sun* shines always strenuous and fair,
But ah, our sins, our *Clouds* benight the air,
Lord, drain the *Fens* of this my boggy soul,
Whose grosser *vapours* make my day so foul,
Thy Son hath strength enough to chase away
These rising *Fogs*, and make a glorious *Day*:
Rise, and shine always clear, but most of all,
Let me behold thy glory in thy *fall*:

That being set, poor I (my flesh being hurld
From this) may meet thee, in another *World*.

XXVI. *On a spiritual Feaver.*

MY Soul hath had a *Feaver* a long while,
O! I can neither relish, nor digest,
My nimble *Pulses* beat, my *veins* do boil,
I cannot close mine eyes, I cannot rest.
O, for a *Surgeon*, now, to strike a Vein!
That, that would lay my *Heat*, and ease my *Pain*;
No, no, it is thy *Blood*, and not mine own,
Thy *Blood* must cure me, *Jesus*, or else none.

XXVII. *On* David's *choice.*

F*Amine*, the *Sword*, the *Pest'lence*! Which is least,
When all are great? which worst, when bad's the best?
It is a point of mercy yet to give
A choice of death to such as must not live;
But, was the choise so hard? It seems to me,
There was a Worse, and better of the three,
Though all extreme; Me thinks, the help of hands
Might swage the first; the *bread* of forein Lands
Might patch their lives, and make some slender shift,
To save a while with necessary thrift:
Me thinks the second should be less extream
Than that, Alas! poor *Israel* could not dream
Of too much *peace* that had so oft division
Among themselves and forrain opposition,
Besides, their King was *Martial*, his acts *glorious*,
His heart was *valiant*, and his hand *victorious*:
Me thinks, a Conqueror: a *Man o'th' Sword*
Should ne'er be puzzled at so poor a *word*:
In both, however, *David* at the worst,
Might well presume, he should not die the first.

But oh! the *Plague*'s impartial, it respects
No quality of *Person*, *Age*, nor *Sex*:
The Royal *Breasts* are open to her hand
As is the lowest *Peasant*'s in the Land;
Famine, the *Sword*, the *Pestilence*, *David* free,
To take his choice, and pick the best of three!
He that gave *David* power to refuse,
Instructed *David* in the *Art* to chuse:
He knew, no forrain Kingdom could afford
Supply, where God makes *Dearth*: he knew the *sword*
Would want an arm, the arm would want her skill,
And skill *success*, where heav'n prepares to kill;
He knew, there was no trust, no safe recourse
To *Martial* man, or to his warlike horse,
But it is thou, *Great God*, the only close
Of his best thoughts, and the secure repo
Of all his *trust*, he yields to kiss thy *Rod*;
Israel was thine, and thou art *Israels* God:
He knew thy gracious *wont*, thy wonted *grace*,
He knew, thy *Mercy* took the upper place
Of all thy *Attributes*, 'twas no adventure
To cast himself on *thee*, the only center
Of all his hopes, Thy *David* knew the danger
To fall to th' hands of man, of *friend*, or *stranger*:
Thus *David*'s filial hopes, being anchor'd fast
On God's known *Mercy*, wisely chose the last,
If thou wilt give me *David*'s heart, I'le voice,
Great God, with *David*, and make *David*'s choice:
But stay, *dear Lord*, my tongue's to bold, to free,
To speak of choice, that merits all the *Three*.

XXVIII. *On man's unequal division.*

LOrd, 'tis a common course; w'are apt and free
To take the best, and share the worst to thee:

We

We Fleet the *Mornings*, for our own Design;
Perchance the Flotten *Afternoons* are thine:
Thou giv'st us *Silk*, we offer *Camels* hair,
Thy *Blessings* march ith' *Front*, our *thanks* ith' *Rear*.

XXIX. *On Beggars.*

NO wonder that such swarms of *Beggars* lurk
In every street: 'tis a worse trade to work
Than beg; yet some, if they can make but shift
To live, will think it scorn to thrive by gift:
'Tis a brave mind; but yet, no wise forecast:
It is but pride, and pride will stoop at last.
We all are *Beggars* should be so, at least;
Alas! We cannot work: the very best
Our hands can do, will not maintain to live;
We can but hold them up whilst others give;
No shame for helpless Man, to pray in aid:
Great *Sol'mon* scorn'd not to be *free oth' Trade*:
He begg'd an *Alms* and blush'd not; for the *Boon*
He got, was trebble fairer than his *Crown*;
No wonder that he thriv'd by begging, so,
He was both *Beggar*, and a *Chooser* too.
O who would trust to *work*, that may obtain
The Suit he beggs, without or *sweat* or *pain*!
O what a Priviledge, great God, have we;
That have the honour, but to beg of thee!
Thou dost not fright us with the tort'ring *whips*
Of *Beadles*; nor dost answer our faint lips
With churlish language: Lord, thou dost not praise
The stricter *Statute* of last *Henry*'s dayes:
Tho dost not damp us with the empty voice
Of *Nothing for ye*; If our clam'rous noise
Should chance t'importune, turn'st thy gracious eye
Upon our wants, and mak'st a quick supply;

Thou

Thou doſt not brand us with th' opprobrious name
Of idle *Vagabunds*; thou know'ſt w'are *lame*,
And cannot work: thou doſt not, *Pharaoh* like,
Deny us *ſtraw*, and yet requireſt *brick*:
Thou canſt not hear us groan beneath our *Task*,
But freely giv'ſt, what we have *Faith* to ask;
The moſt for which my large deſire ſhall plead,
To ſerve the preſent's but a *loaf of Bread*,
Or but a *Token*, (ev'n as Beggars uſe)
That, of thy Love, will fill my ſlender *Cruſe*:
Lord, during life, i'le beg no greater *Boon*,
Sat my Death thou'it give me but a *Crown*.

XXX. *On the two Children.*

MY *Fleſh* and *Spirit*, Lord, are like thoſe pair
of *Infants*, whoſe ſad Mothers did repair
To *Juſtice*: Th'one is quick, the other *dead*:
The two promiſcuous Parents that do plead
For the live-Child, is *Thee*, and *Satan*, Lord;
Both claim alike: Juſtice calls forth the *ſword*;
And ſeeing both, with equal tears, complain,
Proffers to cleave the children both in twain;
And make them equal ſharers in the ſame
That both do challenge, and what both diſclaim:
Satan applauds the motion, and repli'd,
Nor *thine*, nor *mine*; but let them both divide,
And give alike to both: but thou, dear Lord,
Diſlik'ſt the Juſtice of th' unequal *ſword*;
Rather than ſhare it *dead*, thou leav'ſt to ſtrive
And wilt not own't at all, if not al've.
The *Sword*'s put up, and ſtraight condemns the other
To be the falſe; calls thee, *the nat'ral Mother*,
Lord, of my Soul. It is but Satans wile,
To cheat thy boſome of thy *living Child*.

Hee'd

Hee'd have the question by the *sword* decided,
Knowing the Soul's but dead, if once *divided*;
My better part is thine, and thine alone;
Take thou the *Flesh*, and let him gnaw the *Bone*.

XXXI. *On two Mysteries.*

A Perfect *Virgin*, to bring forth a *Son*!
One, three intire; and three intirely one!
Wonder of Wonders! how might all this come?
We must be deaf, when th' Holy Spirit's dumb;
Spare to enquire it, thou shalt never know,
Till *Heav'n* dissolve, and the last *Trump* shall blow.

XXXII. *A Form of Prayer.*

IF thou wouldst learn, not knowing how to pray,
Add but a *Faith*, and say as *Beggars* say;
Master, I'm poor, and blind, in great distress;
Hungry, and lame, and cold, and comfortless;
O, succour him, that's gravell'd on the Shelf
Of pain and want, and cannot help himself:
Cast down thy eye upon a wretch, and take
Some pity on me for sweet Jesus sake:
But hold! take heed this clause be not put in,
I never begg'd before, nor will agin!
Note this withal, that beggers move their plaints
At all times, *Ore tenus*; not, by *Saints*.

XXXIII. *On* Solomon *and the Queen of* Sheba.

IT spreads the sweet *perfume* of *Solomon's* Fame,
Affects the *Coasts*; and his Illustrious Name
Cannot be hid: the unbeliev'd report
Must fly with Eagles wings to th' honoured *Court*

Of Princely *Sheba* : *Sheba* must not rest,
Until her eyes become th' invited Guest,
Of *Fame's* loud Trumpet; her Impatience strives
With light foot *Time*, while her Ambition drives
Her *Chariot-wheels*, and gives an airy passage
To th' quick delivery of her hearts *Embassige* :
True Wisdom, planted in the hearts of Kings,
Needs no more glory than the glory 't brings;
And like the Sun is view'd by her own light,
Being by her own reflection, made more bright :
The emulous *Queen's* arriv'd *she's* gon to th' *Court*,
No eye-delighting *Masque*, no princely *sport*,
To entertain her? No, her eye, her ear
Is take up, and scorns to see, to hear
Inferiour things; Sh' allows her ear, her eye
No less than *Oracles* and *Majesty* :
How empty pastimes do desolve and fly
To their true nothing, when true wisdom's by !
Th' arriv'd *Queen* has *audience*, moves disputes :
Wise *Solomon* attends replys, confutes;
She objects, *he* answers; *she* afresh propounds;
She proves, maintains it, *he* decides, confounds
She smiles, *she* wonders, being over-daz'd,
With his bright-beams, stands *silent*, stands amaz'd.
How Scripture-like Apocrypha's *appear*
To common Books ! *how poor, when* Scripture's *near* !
The Queen is pleas'd, who never yet did know
The blast of *Fame* less prodigal, than now;
For now the greatest part of what she knew
By Fame, is found the least of what is true;
We often find that Fame in prime of Youth :
Does add to Falshood, and substract from truth :
The thankful Queen does with a lib'ral hand,
Present him with the *Riches* of her Land,
Where wisdom goes before, we often find
That temporal Blessings seldom stay behind :

Lord,

Lord, grant me *wisdom*, and I shall possess
Enough, have *more*, or have content with *less*.

XXXVIII. *On* Rehoboam.

COuld dying Parents, at their peaceful death,
Make but a firm *Assurance*, or bequeath
Their living virtues; could they recommend
Their *wisdom* to their heirs; Could *hearts* descend
Upon the bosome of succeeding Sons,
As well as *Scepters* do, as well as *Thrones*;
Sure *Rehoboam*'s Reign had found increase
Of *Love*, and *Honor*, and had died in *Peace*:
Kingdoms are Transitory: *Scepters* go
From hand, to hand; and *Crowns* from brow to brow
But *Wisdom* marches on another guize;
They'r two things to be *Worldly-great*, and *Wise*;
It was the self same *Scepter* that came down
From *Solomon* to thee; the self same *Crown*,
That did inclose his Princely brows and thine;
The self same *flesh* and *blood*, the next o'th' Line;
The self same *people* were alive to bless
The prosperous dayes; but not the same *success*;
Where rests the fault, what secret mischief can
Vn-same thy peace? 'twas not the self same *Man*.

XXXIX. *On the prophet, slain by the Lion.*

'TWas not for malice, nor for want of *Food*,
The obvious *Lion* shed this *Prophets* blood:
Where faithless man neglects the sacred *Law*
Of God, there beasts abate their servile *awe*
To man; When Man dares take a dispensation,
By sin to frustrate th' end of mans *Creation*;
The Beasts oft-times by mans example do
Renounce the end of their *Creation* too:

The *Prophet* must abstain; He was forbid,
He must not eat, and yet the *Prophet* did:
Th' obedient *Lion* had command to shed
That *Prophets* blood; and see, the *Prophets* dead:
O, how corrupt's the nature of Mans *Will*,
That breaks those Laws, which very *Beasts* fulfil!

XXXV. *On* Ahab.

HOw *Ahab* longs! *Ahab* must be possest
Of *Naboth's Vineyard*, or can find no rest,
His tongue must second his unlawful eye;
Ahab must sue, and *Naboth* must deny:
Ahab grows sullen, he can eat no bread
His Body prostrates on his restless bed:
Vnlawful lust, immoderate, often brings
A loathing in the use of lawful things.
Ahabs desire, it must not be withstood,
It must be purchas'd, though with *Naboths* Blood:
Witness must be suborn'd,; *Naboth* must lie
Open to *Law*; must be condemn'd, and die:
His goods must be confiscate to the *Crown*;
Now *Ahab's* pleas'd: the *Vineyard's* now his own.
Vnlawful pleasures, when they justle further
Than ordinary bounds, oft end in Murther.
Me thinks the Grapes that cluster from that *Vine*,
Should (being prest) afford more *Blood* than *Wine*.

XXXVI. *On* Rehoboam.

PEople have *Ballances*, wherein to weigh
Their new crown'd *Princes*, which can soon bewray
Their native worth; Some counterpoise th' allow:
Unhappy *Isr'el* had not weights enow,
To weigh thy *Fingers*; *Heads* can never rest
In peace, when their poor Members are oppreſt;

Had

Had thy unlucky *Fingers* weigh'd no more
Than thy light *Judgment*, had thy judgment bore
But half the burthen of thy *Fingers* weight,
Thou hadst been prosperous both in *Crown* and *State*:
The *Lion's known by 's Paw*, the people spends
Their judgment of a Prince by's *Fingers ends*.

XXXVII. *On Leprous* Naaman.

THE *Leper*, prompted with his loathsom grief,
Seeks to the King of *Isr'el* for relief;
But *Naaman's* vain desires could not thrive;
Israel's no God; to kill, or *make alive*.
The Mortal man is of too mean a stature,
To reach his hand above the hand of nature;
The willing Prophet undertakes the *Cure*,
The *Leper* most go *wash*, and be secure
From his *Disease*; he must go paddle straight
In *Jordan's water*, *'tis a fair Receipt*:
And why in *Jordan*; *have our Syrian* streams
Less power than *Isr'els?* sure the Prophet dreams:
How hard is it for mortals to relie
On Faith; *how apt is sense*, *to question why?*
The *Cure* perplexes more than the *Disease*;
Prophets prescribe no better *means* than these;
I look'd his Ceremonious hand should stroke
The *Place*; I look'd the Prophet should invoke:
Some men would fain be clean, *if God would stay*
Their times, *or would but cure them their own Way*.
The techy *Leper* is displeas'd, hee'l hence,
The *Jordan-Prophet* dallies against sence;
His wiser servants urge their hasty Lord,
To *Jordan-streams*: He washes, is restored
How good a God have we, *whose grace fulfills*
Our choise desires, *oft times against our wills*:

The *Leper's* cleans'd; and now he do's applaud
Not *Isr'el's* streams alone, but *Isr'el's God*:
The Prophet must have thanks, and Gold beside;
The *thanks* are taken, but the *Gold* is deni'd:
Who would not deal with thee that art not nice,
To sell such pen'worths at so small a price!
Naaman, in lieu of his refus'd reward,
Vows, the true God; provided, when his Lord
Shall serve ith' house of *Rimmon*, if he bow
For fashion sake, he may secure his *Vow*;
Some will not stick to lend their God an house,
Might they reserve one room for their own use.
Gehazi thinks the Cure too cheap; he soon
Ore-takes the *Leper's Chariot*, asks a *Boon*
I'th' *Prophet's* name; but mark what did befal,
He got his *Boon*, but got his *Plague* withal:
Unlawfull gains are least, what they appear,
And ill got gold is always bought too dear.
Lord, I did wash in *Jordan*, and was cur'd,
My *Flesh*, that false *Gehazi* hath procur'd
A sinfull *purchase*; having over-run
The cleansed *Naaman* of my Soul: What's done
By false *Gehazi*, let *Gehazi* bear,
Let *Naaman's Leprosie* alone stick there:
O, cleanse them both, or if that may not be,
Lord strike *Gehazi*: and keep *Naaman* free.

XXXVIII. *On Chamber-Christians.*

NO matter whether (some there be that say)
Or goe to *Church*, or stay at *home*, if pray?
Smith's dainty *Sermons* have in plenty stor'd me,
With better stuff than *Pulpits* can afford me:
Tell me, why prayest thou? Heav'n commanded so?
Art not commanded to his *Temple* too?

Small store of manners! when thy Prince bids *come*,
And feast at *Court*; to say, *I've meat at home*.

XXXIX. *On the Widows Cruse.*

LOrd I'm in *debt*, and have not wherewith all
To pay: my *stone* is great, my wealth but small,
My *house* is poorly furnish'd, and my *food*
Is slender, I have nothing that is good:
Lord, if my wasted fortunes prove no better,
My *Debt* is ev'n as desp'rate as the *Debter*:
All the relief thy servant this long while
Hath had, is but a little *Cruse* of *Oyl*,
There's none will give of *Alms*: I neither get
Enough to satisfie my *wants*, nor *debt*:
Lord, if thee please to show the self same Art
Upon the slender *vessel* of my heart,
The Prophet did upon the *Widdow's Cruse*,
I shall have Oyl to sell, have Oyl to *use*:
So shall my *Debt* be paid, and I go free:
No debt is desp'rate, in respect of thee.

XL. *On the swimming Ax.*

THE borrow'd *Axe* fell in, 'twas lost, lamented:
The *Prophet* mov'd, the *workman* discontented,
A *Stick* hewn down, and by the *Prophets* hand
Thrown in, the *Axe* did float, and came aland:
And why a *stick*? had that the power to call
The *massie Iron* up? Sure none at all.
Moses must use his *Rod*: *Moses*, I doubt it,
Had been but lame, but impotent without it;
Nor could that *Rod* have scourged *Pharaoh's* Land,
Had it been waved by *another* hand;
God often works by *means*, and yet not so
But that he can, as well without them too

God can save Man without the help of Man,
But will not, Will not always that he can;
Somthing is left for us, we must not lie
Ith' ditch, and cry, *And if we die, we die.*
We must not lie like *Blocks* relying on
The workman's *Axe*, there's something must be done,
The workman's *Axe* perchance had never bin
Recall'd again, if not the *stick* thrown in;
We must be doing, yet those deeds, as our,
Have no more native virtue, nay, less power
To save us, than that *stick* had, to recall
The *Axe* from the deep bottom of his fall:
I will be doing, but repose in *Him*;
Throw I in *Sticks*, hee'l make my *Iron* swim.

XLI. *On* Baal's *priests.*

Jehu's crown'd King; *Jehu* the King must fall
To *Ahab*'s gods; *Jehu* must worship *Baal.*
The gods divided people must go call
Baal's sacred *Priests*: *Jehu* must worship *Baal.*
None must be left behind, they must come all,
Jehu must burn a Sacrifice to *Baal.*
The *Priests* come puffing in, both great and small
Must wait on *Jehu*, that must worship *Baal.*
Baal's house is fill'd and crowded to the wall
With people that are come to worship *Baal.*
What must there now be done? what offering shall
Perfume *Baal's nostrils?* ev'n the Priests of *Baal*;
Baal's holy *Temple*'s now become a *Stall*
Of Priestly flesh; of fleshly Priests for *Baal*:
How would our Gospel flourish, if that all
Princes, like *Jehu*, would but worship *Baal.*

XLII. *On the Tempter.*

HOw dares thy *Bandog*, Lord, presume t' approach
Into the sacred presence? or incroach

Upon thy choise *Possession* to devour
Thy sporting *Lambs?* to counterfeit thy pow'r,
And to usurp thy *Kingdom*, ev'n as he
Were Lord, at least a *Substitute* to thee;
Why do'st not rate him? Why does he obtain
Such favours, to have liberty of his *Chain*.
Have we not enemies to counterbuff,
Enow? Is not the *Flesh*, the *World* enough
To foil us? this *abroad*, and that at *home*,
But must that *Satan*, must that *Bandog* come
T'afflict the *weak*, and take the *stronger* side?
O, are there not enow, enow beside?
Is there not odds enough, when we have none
But mighty *Foes*, nay, *Rebels* of our own,
Beneath a false disguise of love and peace,
That still betray us? Are not these, all these
Sufficient to encounter and o'rethrow
Poor sinful man, but must that *Bandog* too,
Assault us, Lord? We dare not cast our eyes
Our tim'rous eyes to heav'n we dare not rise
From off our aking knees, to plead our case,
When he can commune with thee *face* to *face*!
Nay more, were it but possible to do,
Would draw thee, Lord, to his bold *Fashion* too.
Lord, lend me but thy power to resist
What *Foes* thou send'st, and send what *Foes* thou list.
It is thy *Battail*; if thou please to warm
My Blood, and find the strength, I'le find the arm:
March thou i'th *Front*, I'le follow in the *Rear*:
Come then ten thousand *Bandogs*, I'le not fear.

XLIII. *On a Cypher.*

Cyphers to *Cyphers* added seem to come
(With those that know not *Art*) to a great *Sum*:

But such as skill in *Numeration* know,
That worlds of *Cyphers* are but worlds of *show*:
We stand those *Cyphers* 'ere since *Adams* fall,
We are but *show*; we are no *sum* at all:
Our bosome pleasures, and delights that do
Appear so glorious, are but *Cyphers* too:
High-prized *honour*, *friends*, this *house*, the t'*other*,
Are but one *Cypher* added to another:
Reckon by Rules of *Art*, and tell me than,
How great is thy estate, Ingenious Man?
Lord, by my *Figure* then it shall be known
That I am *something*; *Nothing* if alone:
I care not in what *place*, in what *degree*;
I do not weigh how small my *Figure* be:
But as I am, I have not worth, nor vigure:
I am thy *Cypher*, O, be thou my *Figure*.

XLIV. *On* Haman *and* Mordecai.

THE *King* would fain take rest, but Thought denies
To pay her nightly *tribute* to his eyes;
The *Persian Chronicle* must be brought to set
His eyes in quiet till they 'r pai'd the *debt*:
He turns the leaves, the first he lights upon,
Is the *true service Mordecai* had done:
Heav'n often works his ends, at such a season,
When man has Will to banish sense and Reason.
His loyal service must be now recall'd
To blest Remembrance; *Haman* must be call'd
To Council; question'd, but not know the thing
The *King* intends: He must advise the *King*,
What *Ceremony* must be us'd, what *cost*,
What *Honour*, where the *King* shall honour most:
Observe but in the progress of this Story,
How God turns factor for his Servants glory.

Haman perſwaded that ſuch *honour* can
Fit none but him, nee'r queſtions, *Who's the Man*:
His more ambitious thoughts are now providing
A *horſe of State* for his own Princely riding:
In brief, his Judgment is, that ſuch a one,
Muſt lack no honour, *but the Royal Throne*:
How apt is man to flatter his own heart!
How far a Debter to his falſe deſert!
The *Royal horſe* is ready, all things fit,
That could be broach'd by a vain glorious Wit;
Haman expects his anſwer: his Ambition
Spurs on, wants nothing but his *large Commiſſion*.
Haman muſt haſte with all the ſpeed he can,
And ſee it done: But *Mordecai's the Man*.
God often crowns his Servants, at their Coſt,
That hate their perſons, and diſdain them moſt:
Lord, if thou pleaſe to make me but thine own,
I ſhall have *honour*, ſpight of *honours frown*.

XLV. *On* Job's *Temptation.*

GOD queſtions *Satan*: Boaſts his *Job's* deſert,
In the perfection of a *ſimple heart*.
Job's Faith was fervent; *Satan* was as chill
To yield it, but muſt yield againſt his will;
Condemns it to be *ſervile*, to be bought
With *God's* own coyn: *Does Job ſerve God for nought?*
It is a common trick the Tempter uſes,
The Faith he cannot conquer, he abuſes.
Alas, that *Faith* requires not ſo much praiſe,
'Tis a good *Faith*, as *Faiths* go now adays:
It is not ſtrengthen'd by the indulgent hand
That bleſt his *Labours*, and inrich'd his *Land*,
Puff out the *Fire*; his *Faith* will quickly chill:
Satan puff thou; nay, Satan puff thy will:

Nor Ebb, nor Floud, of small, or great estate,
Are certain badges of God's love or hate.
What's now to do? Poor *Job* must be bereav'n
Of all his stronger *Herds*; *Fire*, sent from Heav'n
Must burn his fruitful *flocks*, that none remain;
His *houses* fall, and all his *Childer'n* slain;
And yet not curse? Alas poor *Job* addresses
His thoughts to heaven, he worships Gods and *blesses:*
The lively Faith that can retain her God,
May groan; but seldom rave beneath the Rod.
But what sayes *Satan* now? The *hedge* is broke,
That fenc'd my Servant *Job*? What further *cloke*
For his uprightness hath he? What *pretente*
For his continual Love and Innocence?
Has not thy malice had her own desire?
'Twas soundly puff'd, thy puffs have blown the fire:
Gods trials are like bellows: Satan's Blower,
Blows out false Faiths, makes true ones blaze the more:
True, Lord, His faith is tough; But *Snails* as well
Can thrive without, as live within their *shell:*
To save *alive* who would not lose some *Skin*?
Touch but his *Horns*, O how hee'l draw them in,
Satan, I give thy malice leave, be free
To peel the *bark*, but spare to touch the *Tree*;
Fear not ye little flock: The greatest ill
Your foes can do's to scrath: They cannot kill:
What now's th' exploit? Afflicted *Job* does lie,
A very *Hospital* of misery:
I think that all the *Vlcers*, that have bin
In *Egypt* cur'd are broken yet out again
In his distempered flesh; *Job* is still
The very same, not charg'd his God with ill.
A Faith that lodges in a double Breast,
May stand the touch, none but true faith, the test.
If these be *flames* poor man must swelter in,
He needs a world of patience, not to sin.

XLVI. *On bawling Currs.*

I Fear'd, the World and I, were too acquainted;
I hope my fears are like her joyes, but painted;
Had I not been a *Stranger*, as I past,
Her bawling *Currs* had never bark'd so fast.

XLVII. *On* David.

STands it with State, that Princely *David*, who
Did wear the *Crown* should *play* the *Harper* too?
He plays and sings; His glory ne're disdains
To dance, and to receive a *Crown* for's pains;
'Tis no disparagement, 'tis no misprision
Of State, to play before the *Great Multitude*.

XLVIII. *On* Abraham.

THe words out: Poor *Abr'am* must be gon;
Must take his *Isaac*, take his only Son;
The Son of his *Affection*, him, from whom,
From whose blest *Loins*, so many *Kings* must come;
Ev'n him must *Abraham* slay, *Abr'am* must rise,
And offer *Isaac*, a *burnt Sacrifice*.
God scorns the Offals of our faint desires,
He gives the best, and he the best requires:
Abraham forbears to question; thinks not good
To reason, to advise with *flesh* and *blood*;
Begs not young *Isaac's* life, nor goes about
T' object the *Law of Murther*; makes no doubt:
He rises, rises early; leads his Son;
Hasts where this holy *Slaughter* must be don;
Where God bids, Go, that very Breath's a warrant:
We must not linger there, Haste crowns the errant.

His

His Servants must no further: they must stay;
Private Devotion claims a private way:
They must abide with th' *Ass*, whilst th' aged Sire
In t'one hand takes the *Knife*, int'other *Fire*:
The sacred *Wood* of *Offring* must be pil'd
On the young shoulders of th' obedient *Child*.
O here mine eye must spend a tear to see
Thee bear that Wood, great God, that since, bore thee:
Mistrustless *Isaac* seeing the wood, the fire,
The *sacrificing Knife*, begins t'enquire,
But where's the sacred Lamb that must be slain?
Resolved *Abraham* (lest *the flesh* should gain
Too much of *Nature*) sayes not, *Thou my Son*
Art he; but, *The Almighty will provide us one:*
Were God commands, 'tis not enough t'effect,
But we must hault the occasion of neglect.
The faithful *Abr'am* now erects an Altar;
Orders the *wood*: what tongue can choose but faulter,
To tell the rest? He layes his hands upon
His wondering *Isaac*, bindes his onely *Son*:
He layes him down, unshearhs his priestly *Knife*;
Up-heaves his arm to take his *Isaac's* life:
True faith is active, covets to proceed
From thought to action, and from will to deed.
Before the strengthned stroke had time to fall,
A sudden voice from heav'n, cries, *Hold, Recall*
Thy threatning Arm, and sheath thy holy Knife:
Thy Faith has answered for thy Isaac's *Life,*
Touch not the Child; thy Faith is throughly shown,
That has not spar'd thine own, thine only Son.
How easie is our God, and liberal, who
Counts it as done, what we have will to doe!

XLIX. On

XLIX. *On* Censorio.

Censorio takes in hand, by sharp reproof
To mend his Brother's error, and to snuff
His darkned Flame; and yet *Censorio's* crimes
Are rank'd among the foulest of the times:
Let none presume, *Censorio*, to controul
Or top the dim light of anothers soul,
If not more pure than him that is controll'd
The Temple Snuffers must be perfect gold.

L. *On* Mordecai *and* Haman.

Two *Steeds* appointed were by *Haman's* hand;
The one at *Graß* the other Steed did stand
In *Persia's Mues*: the former was providing
For *Mordecay*; the last for *Haman's* riding:
But since, in order, last things prove the worst,
Haman's ambition drove him to the First;
But see, proud *Hamans* prouder *Steed* did cast
His glorious rider, whilst the *Jew* sits fast.
What matter, *Haman's Fortune* though no Friend
Of thine, first brought thee to thy *Journeys end.*

LI. *On these Fools.*

The Wise man sayes, *It is a wisemans part,*
To keep his tongue close pris'ner in his heart:
If he be then a fool, whose thought denies,
There is a God, how desp'ratly unwise,
How more than Fool is he, whose language shall
Proclaim in publick, *there's no God at all.*
What then are they, nay Fools, in what degree,
Whose actions shall maintain't; *Such Fools are we.*

LII. *On miserable Man.*

ADam the higest pitch of perfect Nature,
And lively Image of his great *Creator*,
Declin'd his God, and by one sinful *Deed*,
Destroyed himself, and ruin'd all his *seed*;
How wretched then, how desp'rate's our Condition,
Whose every minute makes a Repetition
Of greater sins, against both light of *Nature*
And *Grace*; against *Creation*, and *Creator*!
Alas! we claim not by *descent*, alone
But add by hourly purchase of our own;
There is no *breach* of Loyalty, no *sin*,
We are imperfect, and unpractis'd in;
Shall not a world of *sins* bring ruin then
To *One*; when one *sin* slew a world of men?

LIII. *On Man's two Enemies.*

TWo potent Enemies attend on Man;
Th' *on*'s fat and plump, the *other* lean and wan:
The *one* fawns and smiles, the *other* weeps as fast:
The first *Presumption* is, *Despair* the last:
That feeds upon the *bounty* of full treasure,
Brings jolly news of *Peace*, and lasting *Pleasure*:
This feeds on *want*, unapt to entertain
God's *blessing*; finds them ever in the *wain*;
Their *Maxims* disagree; but their *Conclusion*
Is the selfsame: Both jump in mans *Confusion*;
Lord, keep me from the *first*, or else I shall
Soar up and melt my waxen wings and fall:
Lord, keep the *second* from me; lest I then,
Sink down so low, I never rise agen:
Teach me to know my self, and what I am,
And my *presumption* will be turn'd to shame:

Give

Give me true *Faith*, to know thy dying Son,
What ground has then despair to work upon?
T'avoid my shipwrack upon either *Shelf*,
O, teach me, Lord, to know my *God*, my *self*.

LIV. *On Queen* Esther.

ILlustrious *Princess*, had thy chance not been
To be a *Captive*, thou hadst been no *Queen*,
Such is the *Fortune*, our *Misfortune* brings,
Had we not first been *slaves*, w'ad ne'er been *Kings*.

LV. *On Slanders.*

HAve sland'rous tongues been busie to defame
The precious *Ointment* of my better name?
Or hath censorious basenes gone about
With her rude blast to Puffe my *Taper* out?
They have. And let their full mouth'd *bellows* puffe:
It is their *Breath* that stinks, and not my *Snuffe*:
I, let them snarle and burst, that I may smile:
Do, let them jerk, and I will laugh the while;
They cannot strike beyond my patience: No,
Il'e bear, and take it for an *Honour* too:
The height that my *Ambition* shall fly,
Is only to deserve their *Calumny*:
O, what a Judgment twere, if such as they
Should but allow my *Actions*, and betray
My endangered *name* by their malign applause,
To good *Opinion*, that were a just Cause
Of *Grief* indeed! but to be made the story
Of such base tongues, it is my *Crown*, my *Glory*:
I, let them spend their *Dust* against the wind,
And Bark against the *Moon*, till they be blind,
And weary; Let their malice not forbear
To bawl at *Innocence*, to wound and tear

An absent name, whilst their unhallowed tongues
Makes me a glorious *Martyr* in their wrongs:
I beg no Favour: Nay, my hearts desire
Is still to be *calcin'd* by such a fire:
That, in conclusion, all men may behold
A fair gilt *Counter* from a *Crown of Gold*.
Great God! I care not thus how foul I seem
To *Man*; may I be fair in thy *esteem*:
It matters not how *light* I seem to be
To the base world, so I be *weight* to thee.

LVI. *On* Nebuchadnezzar.

WHat luckless Accident hath bred such odds
Betwixt great *Babels Monarch*, and his *gods*,
That they so oft disturb him, and affright
His broken slumbers with the *Dreams* of night!
Alas, what hath this Princely *Dreamer* done,
That he must quit the glory of his Throne,
His Royal *Scepter*, his Imperial *Crown*?
Must be exil'd his *Honour*, and come down
Below the meanest *Slave*, and, for a season,
Be banish'd from the use, the act of *Reason*,
Must be exil'd from *humane shape*, and chew
The cudd, and must be moistned with the dew
Of Heav'n; nay, differ in no other thing
From the brute beasts, but that *he was a King*?
What: ayl thy gods, that they are turn'd so rough,
So full of rage? What had they meat enough
To fill their *golden* stomacks? Was thy knee
Bent oft enough; What might the reason be?
Alas, poor harmless things! it was not they,
'Twas not their wills; I dare be bold to say,
They knew it not; It was not they that did it;
They had no pow'r to *act*, or to *forbid* it:

Deserv'st

Deserv'st thou not, great King, the stile of *beast* :
To serve such gods, whose deities can digest
Their servants open wrong? that could dispense
With what th' endure, without the least offence?
Illustrious *Beast*, me thinks thy better'd state
Has no great reason to complain of *Fate* :
Thou art more near to him thou didst adore
By one *degree*, than 'ere thou wert before;
'Tis some promotion, that there is less odds
Betwixt thy *Nature*, and thy *senseless gods*.

LVII. *On* Partio.

HAst thou forsaken all thy *Sins* but One?
Believe it, *Partio*, th'ast forsaken *None*.

LVIII. *On Ignorance.*

THe greatest *Friend* Religion hath t'advance
Her glory, 's unaffected *Ignorance* :
The burning *Taper* lends the fairest light,
And shines most glorious, in the *shades of night*.

LIX. *On a great Battel.*

WHen my rebellious *Flesh* doth disagree
With my resisting *Spirit*, me thinks I see
Two mighty Princes draw into the *Field*,
Where one must win the day, the other yield:
They both prepare; both strike up their *Alarms*,
Both march, both well appointed in their *Arms*.
They both advance their *Banners* : Th'one displays
A *bloody Cross* : The other Colours blaze
A *Globe Terrestrial* : *Nature* carries one,
And *Grace* the other, Each by's *Ensign's* known,

They meet, encounter, *blows* exchange for *blows*:
Dart is return'd for Dart, they grapple, close:
Their fortune's hurried with unequal *Sails*,
Sometimes the *Cross*, sometimes the *Globe* prevails.
We are that *Field*; And they that strive to win us,
Are *God and Satan*: those that war within us,
The *Flesh*, the *Spirit*: No parting of the *Fray*,
Till one shall win; the other lose the *Day*:
My God, O weaken this rebellious *Flesh*,
That dares oppose: O, quicken and refresh
My dull and coward *Spirit*, that would yield,
And make proud *Satan Master of the Field*:
Dear Lord, the *Field's* thine own; thou thought'st it good
To purchase't with my dying Saviour's *Blood*:
'Tis thine Great God, by *title*, and by *right*;
Why shouldst thou question, what's thy own by *sight*?
Lord, keep possession thou, and let th' accurst
And base *Usurper* do his best, his worst.

LX. *On the World.*

THe World's an *Inn*; And I her *Guest*,
I eat, I drink, I take my rest.
My *Hostess* Nature, does deny me
Nothing wherewith she can supply me:
Where having stay'd a while, I pay
Her *lavish Bills*, and go my way.

LXI. *On the Sabbath.*

AWay my *thoughts*: Away my *words*, my *deeds*:
Away; what ever nourishes and feeds
My frail *delights*, Presume not to approach
Into my presence, dare not once t'incroach
Upon the hallowed *Temple* of my soul,
Ye are not for this day, y'are all too foul:

Abide

Abide ye with the *Ass*, till I go yonder,
And cleave the *Isaac of* my heart in sunder?
I must go sacrifice: I must go pray,
I must perform my holy *vows* to day:
Tempt not my tender *frailty*. I enjoyn
Your needful absence; y'are no longer mine,
But if it may not be, that we must sever
Our yok'd affections, and not part for ever:
Yet give me leave without offence, to borrow,
At least, this day, although we meet to *morrow*.

LXII. *On Prayer.*

IN all your prayers, th' Almighty do's regard
The Judgement of the *Ballance*, not the *Yard*:
He loves not *Words*, but *Matter*: 'tis his pleasure
To buy his *Wares* by *Weight*, and not by *Measure*.

LXIII. *On* Fido.

FInd'st thou no comfort in this fickle Earth,
No Joy at all? No *Object* for thy Mirth?
Nothing but Sorrow? Nothing else but toyle?
What, do thy days shew nothing worth a *smile*?
Do worldly pleasures no contentment give,
Content thee, *Fido*, th'ast not long to live.

XLIV. *On* Charissa.

WOuldst thou *Charissa*, wish thy *fortunes better*
Than, by thy *act*, to make thy God thy debtor?
I'le teach thee how to do't: *Relieve the poor*,
And thou mayest safely set it on God's *score*.

LXV. *On* Raymond Sebund.

I Wonder, *Raymond*, thy illustrous *Wit*,
Strengthned with so much *learning*, could commit
So great a folly, as to go about,
By Nature's feeble *light*, to blazen out
Such Heav'n bred *Mysteries*, which the hearts of Men
Cannot conceive, much less the darkned *Pen*
Express; such secrets, at whose depth, the *Quire*
Of blessed Angels tremble, and admire:
Could thy vain glory lend no easier task
To thy sublime *Attempt*, than to unmask
The glorious *Trinity*, whose Tri-une *face*
Was ne'r discovered by the eye of *Grace*,
Much less by th' eye of *Nature*, being a story
Objected only to th' eye of *Glory*?
Put out thy light, hold, *Raymond*, and be wise:
Silence thy tongue, and close th' ambitious eyes:
Such *heights* as these, are Subjects far more fit
For holy *Admiration*, than for *Wit*.

LXVI. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *hairs* upon my head:
And raise their *Audit* to as high a score.
In this they differ: These do daily shed;
But ah! my sins grow daily more and more:
If by my *hairs* thou number out my *sins*,
Heav'n make me *bald*, before that day begins.

LXVII. *On the Gospel.*

OUr *Gospel* thrives the more by forrain *Jarrs*:
It overcomes in outward *opposition*:

But O, it suffers still in civil Wars,
And loses Honour by a *home division*!
If thou assist, I care not, Lord, with whom
I war abroad, so I have peace at *home*.

LXVIII. *On the days of Man.*

LOrd, if our days be *few*, why do we spend
And lavish them unto so evil an end?
Lord, if our days be evil, why do we wrong
Our selves, and thee, to wish our *Day* so long?
Our *days* decrease, but still our *evils* renew;
Great God, we make them *evil*; Thou mak'st them few.

LXIX. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *Sands* upon the shore;
Which ev'ry *Ebbe* layes open to the Eye:
In this they differ; *These* are cover'd 'ore
With ev'ry *Flood*; My *sins* shall open lie.
If thou wilt make mine eyes a *Sea of Tears*,
O, they will hide the sins of all my *years*.

LXX. *On* Cain *and* David.

THeir Sins were equal, Equal was their guilt;
They both committed *Homicide*, both spilt
Their brother's guiltless bloud: Nay, of the twain
The first occasion was less foul in *Cain*;
'Twas likely *Cain's* Murther was in *heat*
Of bloud; there were no former *grudge*, no *threat*:
But *David's* was a *Plot*; He took the life
Of poor *Vriah*, to enjoy his *Wife*:
Was Justice equal? Was her *Ballance* ev'n?
When *Cain* was punisht; *David* was forgiv'n:

oth came to tryal; But good *David* did
nfess that sin, which curled *Cain* had *hid*:
ain bewail'd the punishment, wherein
is *Sin* had plung'd him; *David* wayls his *Sin*:
I lament my *sins*, Thou wilt forbear
o punish, Lord; or give me strength to bear.

LXXI. *On* Plausus.

Plausus of late hath rais'd an *Hospital*,
Repair'd a *Church*, Founded a *Colledge*. *Hall*:
lausus hath built an holy *Temple*, vow'd it
o God; Erects a *School*, and has endow'd it;
lausus hath given, through his abundant pitty,
Spittle to the blind, and lame o'th' City:
lausus allows a *Table* for the poor
'th' Parish; besides those, he feeds at door.
lausus relieves the *Prisons*, Mends the *wayes*,
aintains a *Lecture* on the *Market days*:
lausus in brief, for bounty bears the *Bell*;
lausus hath done much *Good*; but nothing *Well*.

LXXII. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *Stars*, within the Skies;
In view, in number, even as bright, as great.
this they differ: *These* do set and rise,
t ah! my sins do *rise*, but never *set*:
ine *Sun of Glory*, and my sins are gone,
e twinkling *Stars*, before the rising *Sun*.

LXXIII. *On change of Weather.*

Nd were it for thy profit, to obtain
All *Sunshine*? No vicissitude of *Rain*?

Think'st thou that thy laborious *Plough* requires
Not Winter *frosts*, as well as Summer *fires?*
There must be both: Sometimes these hearts of ours
Must have the sweet, the seasonable showrs
Of *tears*: Sometimes the Frost of *chill Despair*,
Makes our desired *Sunshine* seem more *fair*:
Weathers, that most oppose to Flesh and Blood,
Are such as help to make our *Harvest* good:
We may not choose, Great *God*; It is thy *Task*:
We know not what to *have*; nor how to *ask*.

XXIV. *On* Prosper.

TAke heed thou prosp'rous *sinner*, how thou liv'st
In Sin, and thriv'st:
Thou that dost flourish in thy *heaps of Gold*,
And sums untold:
Thou, that hast never reason to complain
Of *Cross*, or *Pain*:
Whose unafflicted *Conscience* never found
Nor *Check*, nor *Wound*.
Believe it, *Prosper*, thy deceitful Lease
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
Thy golden *heaps* are nothing but the price
Of *Paradise*!
Thy *flattering* Pleasures, and thy airy *Joyes*,
But painted *Toyes*:
Thy peaceful Conscience is but like a *Dog*,
Tyed in a *Clog*.
Believe it, *Prosper*, thy deceitful Lease
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
Thy heaps of Gold will stand thee in no steed,
At greatest need:
Thy *Empty* Pleasure will convert thy laughter,
To *Groans* hereafter:

Thy silent *Conscience*, when inlarg'd will roar,
And rage the more.
Believe it, *Prosper*, thy deceitful Lease
Affords thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.

LXXV. *On the sight of a plague-Bill.*

FIve *thousand in a Week*, in one poor City
Because it was thy *pleasure*, 'Twas no pity:
Why should'st thou pity us, Just God, when we
Could never find a time to pitty thee?
Thou never strik'st without a reason why,
Nor often, then: We easily cast our eye
Upon the *punishment*, but blind to the *sin*,
That far transcends the *judgment* it calls in;
O, if the weekly *Bills* of our transgression,
Could but appear, and make as deep impression,
In our sad hearts, to make our hearts but know
As great a sorrow, as our *plague-Bills* do;
No doubt, no doubt, but Heavens avenging hand
Would turn a stranger to our prosp'rous Land:
O, if that weekly *Catalogue* of sin
Could with our City-*Bills*, be brought but in,
And be compar'd, we'd think our *Bills* not high;
But rather wonder there are men to *die*.

LXXVI. *On Theaters.*

SIx *dayes* were made for *work*, the seventh for *rest*;
DI read of none, that heav'n ordain'd for *Play*;
How have our looser *Theaters* transgrest
The *Decalogue*, that make it ev'ry *Day*?
Methinks that they should change their trade for shame,
Or honour't with a more laborious name.

LXXVII. *On Players, and Ballad-Mungers.*

OUr *merry* Ballads, and *lascivious* players
Are much alike: To common censure both
Do stand or fall; Th' one *sings*, The other *jayes*;
And both are *Fripp'ries* of another Froth:
In short, They *priest* and *Clark* of *Belial's* Altar;
T' one makes the *Sermon*, t'other tunes the *Psalm*.

LXXVIII. *On God and the King.*

OUr *God* and *Prince*, (whom *God* for ever bless)
Are both, in *mercy*, of a *Constitution*:
Both slow, till meer necessity shall press,
To put their penal *Laws* in Execution;
And marke how in a like success they joyn
At both we *grumble*, and at both repine.

LXXIX. *On the life and death of Man.*

THe life of Man is but th' imperfect Story
Of his advenegre towards future Glory,
For *death* is finish'd, who will stick to say,
A glorious *Eve* foretels a glorious *Day*.

LXXX. *On FOX.*

THere was a time, (wo worth that heavy time)
When ravenous *Bears* did devour the prime,
And choice of all our *Lambs*: But Heav'n did raise
A more ingenious *FOX*, in after-dayes,
Whose high-mounted *Pen* redeem'd their breath,
And made those *Lambs* revive, in spight of death:
To see how mutual Saintly favours be!
Thou gav'st them life, that now give life to thee.

LXXXI.

LXXXI. *On the Book of Common-prayer.*

THe Book of *Common-Pray'r* excels the rest;
For *Prayrs* that are most *Common*, are the best.

LXXXII. *To* Mundano.

WOuldst thou, *Mundano*, prove *too great, too strong*
For peevish *Fortune's* angry brow to wrong,
Renounce her Power; Banish *Fortune* hence,
And trust thee to the hands of *Providence*:
The Poorest heart that ever did importune
Heav'ns aid, is far above the frowns of *fortune*.

LXXXIII. *On* Rome's *Sacrifices.*

IT cannot be excus'd: it is a wrong
Proceeding from a too too partial tongue,
To say, The profer'd Service of false *Rome*
Had no good savour, and did never come
To th' *gates* of Heaven; Fie! poor *Rome*'s bely'd,
For when our *Troops* of glorious *Martyrs* dy'd,
In that warm *Age?* who were their *Priests?* by whom
Was their bloud shed? was't not by holy *Rome?*
Such sweet *Perfumes*, I dare be bold to say,
Rome never burnt before, nor since that day:
A sweeter *Incense*, save his dying *Son*,
Heav'n ne'er accepted since this World begun.

LXXXIV. *On a Dead Man.*

IT is a common use to entertain
The knowledge of a great man by his *Train*:
How great's the dead man then? There's none that be
So backt with troops of *Followers as he.*

LXXXV. *On Corner-sinners.*

SUch men are like to *Owls*; They take delight,
To make the *night* their day; the *day*, their night:
They hate the *Sun*, and love dark corners best,
But they shall howl, when *day-birds* are at rest.

LXXXVI. *On the Kite.*

MArk but the soaring *Kite*, and she will read
Brave *Rules* for *Dyet*, teach thee how to feed;
She flies aloft; she spreads her airy plumes
Above the reach, above the nauseous fumes
Of dang'rous *Earth*; she makes her self a stranger
T' inferiour things, and checks at ev'ry *danger*:
At length, she stoops; and with a brave disdain
She strikes her *prey*, and mounts her up again.
By her example learn to use the earth,
And thou shalt find less *mischief*, and more *mirth*.

LXXXVII. *On Formio.*

FOrmio bewails his *sins* with the same heart,
As *Friends* do *Friends*, when they r about to part:
Believe it, *Formio* will not entertain
A merry thought, until they meet again.

LXXXVIII. *On Bosom-Sins.*

HOw loth is *Flesh* to yield, the *Spirit* to win
The glorious Conquest of a *Bosom-sin*!
O, how th' ingenious *flesh* will plead, abuse
The height of *Wit*, to argue, or excuse!
At length it yields: O give it leave to stay
A year, a month, a week, at least, a day;

And if not so, yet let my breaking heart
But hugg it once or twice before we part;
Let me but take my leave, my thoughts shall bind me
From the least touch; let me but look behind me:
Nay, sin, *Gehazi*-like, will have a blow
At cleans'd *Naaman's bounty*, e're she go.

LXXXIX. *On the Eccho.*

AN *Eccho's* nothing, but a forc'd rebound,
Or any repercussion of a *Sound*,
Proceeding from some *hollow place*, well known
To have no *bulk*, no *Being* of her own:
It is no *substance*, nothing but a *Noise*;
An *empty sound*, the picture of a voice:
Such is my *Courtly Friend*; at my request
Hee'l breath his service from his hollow breast,
And *Eccho-like* for ev'ry word that's blown
Into his ears, returns me *two* for *one*:
But when they come to th' Test, alas, they'r found
More light than *Air*, meer shaddows of a Sound!
I'le trust my God, His bounty still affords
As many *deeds*, as my false Friends do *words*.

XC. *On a Water-Mill.*

THe formal Christian's like a *Water-Mill*:
Until the *Flood-gates* open, he lies still:
He cannot work at all, he cannot dream
Of going, till his wheels shall find the stream.

XCI. *On* Paul, *and* Apollos.

'TIs not what this man, or what that man saith,
Brings the least *stone* to th' building of my faith;

My

My ear may ramble, but my *conscience* follows
No man: I'm neither *Paul's*, nor yet *Apollo's*:
When Scripture-*gold* lies by me, is it just
To take up my Salvation upon *Trust*?
My Faith shall be confin'd to no mans *Lists*;
I'le only follow *Paul*, as *Paul* is *Christs*.

XCII. *On* Morus.

IF a poor timorous *Hare* but cross the way,
Morus will keep his chamber all the day;
What *Evil* portends it, *Morus*? It does show,
That *Morus is not wise* for thinking so.
But *Morus* keeps his *Chamber*: there will be,
Morus, one Fool the less abroad by *Thee*.

XCIII. *On some Faiths.*

SOme Faiths are like those *Mills* that cannot grind
Their *Corn*, unless they work against the *Wind*.

XCIV. *On the Temporizer.*

HE seems to be a *Man of War*, His sail
Being fill'd and prosper'd with a fore-right *Gale*
Makes speedy way; and with her *Keel* divides
The sparkling furrows of the swelling *Tides*;
Or if the wind should slack, or cease to blow,
Can make a shift to ride it to and fro;
But if it proves a *Storm*, or the wind cross,
His wavering *Bottom* soon begins to toss
Upon the troubled *waves* without regard
Of either *Steer*, or yet the *Sea-man's Card*:
His prouder courage quails, and the rough water
Transports his wandering *keel*; he knows not whither;
Till

Till after many a ruin-threatning knock,
Hee's overwhelm'd, or split upon a *Rock*.

XCV. *On our Sins.*

IT is an Errour ev'n as foul to call
Our sins too *great* for pardon, as too *small*.

XCVI. *On the Hypocrite.*

HE's like a *Christmas-Candle*, whose good name
Crowns his fair actions with a glorious *flame*;
Burns clear and bright, and leaves no ground for doubt
To question, but he stinks at going out;
When Death puffs out his *Flame*; the snuff will tell
If he were *Wax* or *Tallow* by the smell.

XCVII. *On Secret-mungers.*

HE, that at *Secrets* shall compose his aim,
Is like the *Fly* that sports about the Flame;
He never leaves to buzze, until he brings
Himself to ruine, or at least his *wings*:
And like a desp'rate *Fly*, though he has bin
Once scorch'd, hee'l venture at the *Flame* agin.

XCVIII. *On a Fly.*

THe Sun delighting *Fly* repairs, at first,
To the full *Cup*, only to quench her thirst;
But, ostentimes, she sports about the *Brink*,
And sips so long till she be drown'd in *Drink*:
When wanton leisure shall present thine eye
With lavish Cups, *Remember but the Fly*.

XCIX. *On*

XCIX. *On Scripture and Apocrypha.*

WHen as the *Scripture* opens to mine eyes;
I see my Lord in's bed; but when I meet
Th' *Apocrypha* at th' end, methinks it lies,
Like his well countenanc'd *page*, at his *Beds feet*;
Who wears his Lord's *old cloaths*, made less, and saies,
His own *Inventions* in his Master's *Phrase*.

C. To my Book.

HEre comes a Critick, *Close thy page,*
Thou art no Subject *for this Age:*
And Censure, oftentimes, ye know,
Will strike the Dove, *and spare the* Crow:
But hold; thy Guilt does not require,
That thou shouldst lurk, or yet retire;
Be open as the Eye of Noon,
And let Dogs bark against the Moon,
Thou hast no Luster of thy own
But what's deriv'd from heaven alone.
Fear not: Thy Heaven instructed Page,
Will either please, or teach *the Age.*

The end of the ~~third~~ *Book.*

DIVINE FANCIES.

The Third Book.

I. *On old Wine and new.*

OLd crazy *Casks* are not design'd to hold
New Wines, nor yet new Vessels for the *Old*;
Old must with *old*, and *new* with *new* be fill'd,
Else will the Vessels *break*, and Wine be *spill'd*;
These empty *Vessels* are thy heart and mine;
The *Law* and *Gospel* represents the Wine:
The new's the *Spirit*; and the Old's the *Letter*;
With reverence to the Text, *the new's the better*

II. *On* Zacharias, *and the blessed Virgin.*

HIs tongue requir'd a *Sign*, which might afford
A clearer *Evidence*, than the Angel's word;
And had it too: Until those things shall come
To pass, his faithless lips are stricken *dumb*.
Our blessed *Virgin*, at her *Salutation*,
Seem'd even as *faithless*, on the self-same fashion?

Her

Her lips reply'd, *And how can these things be?*
Hard justice! Why *he* punish'd, and not *she?*
The Reason's easie to be riddled out?
Hers, was the voice of wonder; his, of *doubt*.

III. *On a Picture.*

SOme *Pictures*, with a sore-right eye, if seen,
Present unto the view some beauteous Queen;
But step aside, and it objects the shape,
On this side, of an *Owl*; on that, an *Ape*:
Look full upon the World, It proves the Story,
And Beauteous *Picture* of th' Almighty's Glory;
But if thy change of posture lead thy sight
From the full view, to th' *left hand*, or the *right*,
It offers to thine eye but painted *Toyes*,
Poor *Antick Pleasures*, and *deceitful Joyes*.

IV. *On* Servio.

SErvio's in *Law*, If *Servio* cannot pay
His *Lawyers Fees*, *Servio* may lose the *day*.
No wonder, formal *Servio* does trudge
So oft to Church; He goes to *bribe* his Judge.

V. *On* Peter's *Cock*.

THe Cock crow'd *once*; and *Peter's* careless ear
Could hear it, but his eye not spend a tear:
The Cock crow'd *twice*, *Peter* began to creep
To th' *Fire* side, but *Peter* could not weep:
The Cock crow'd *thrice*, Our Saviour turn'd about,
And look'd on *Peter*; now his tears burst out.
Twas not the *Cock*, it was our Saviour's *Eye*,
Till he shall give us *tears*, we cannot *cry*.

VI. *On* Ambidexter.

GOD keep my *Goods*, my *Name*, they never fall
Into the *Net* of *Ambidexter's* Laws.
But for a *Cause*, he seldom prayes at all
But curses evermore without a *Cause*:
I'de rather have his *Curses* all the day,
Than give his Conscience the least cause to *pray*.

VII. *On* Lazarus, *the Damosel, and a Sinner.*

L*Az'rus, come forth*: Why could not *Laz'rus* plead
I cannot come, Great God, for I am dead?
Dam'sel arise: When *death* had clos'd her eyes,
What power had the *Dam'sel* to arise?
Sinner repent: Can we as dead, in sin,
As *Laz'rus*, or the *Dam'sel*, live agin?
Admit we could, could we appoint the hour?
The voice that calls, gives, and gives then the power.

VIII. *On Sin.*

HOw, how am I deceiv'd? I thought my bed
Had entertained a fair, a beauteous *Bride*:
O, how were my believing thoughts misled
To a false *Beauty*, lying by my side!
Sweet were her *Kisses*, full of choise delight;
My Fancy found no difference in the *night*.
I thought they were true *Joyes*, that thus had led
My darkned Soul, but they were false *Alarms*:
I thought I'd had fair *Rachel* in my Bed,
But I had blear-ey'd *Leah* in my arms:
How seeming sweet is *Sin*, when cloath'd with night
But when discover'd what a *loath'd* delight!

IX. *On Repentance.*

'Tis not to *cry God Mercy*, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd;
'Tis to bewail the sins, thou didst commit:
And not commit those sins, thou hast bewail'd:
He that bewails, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather, what he means to do.

X. *On Man.*

MAn is a moving *Limbeck*, to distill
Sweet smelling Waters, wherewithal to fill
God's empty *Bottle*? Lord, do thou inspire
Thy quick'ning *Spirit*, put in thy sacred *Fire*;
And then mine eyes shall never cease to drop,
Till they have brimm'd thy *Bottle* to the Top:
I can do nothing, Lord, till thou inspire;
I'm a cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*.

XI. *On the pouring out of our hearts.*

'Tis easie to *pour in*; but few, I doubt,
Attain that curious Art, of *pouring out*:
Some pour their hearts, like *oyl*, that there resides
An unctuous substance still about the sides:
Others, like *Wine*, which though the *substance* pass,
Does leave a kind of *savour* in the Glass:
Some pour their hearts, like *milk*, whose *hiew* distains
Though neither *substance*, nor the *scent* remains:
How shall we pour them then, that *smell*, not *matter*,
Nor *colour* stay? *Pour out your hearts like water.*

XII. On

XII. *On Friends.*

GOd shield me from those Friends I *trust*; and be
My firm defence from such as *trust not* thee.

XIII. *On the Hypocrite.*

HE's like a *Bull-Rush*; seems so smooth that not
The eye of *Cato* can descry a knot:
Pill but the *bark*, and strip his smoother skin,
And thou shalt find him spongy all within:
His brows are always ponderous as Lead,
He ever droops, and hangs his *velvet*-head:
He washes often, but if thou enquire
Into his depth, his roots are fixt in *mire*.

XIV. *On* Servio.

Servio would thrive, and therefore does obey
God's Law, and shuts up Shop o'th Sabbath day:
Servio would prosper in his home-affairs,
And therefore dares not miss his *Diet* Prayers:
Servio must put to *Sea*, and does implore,
To th' end that he might safely come *ashore*.
Servio's in Suit, and therefore must be tyed
To morning Prayer, until his *Cause* be tryed.
Servio begins to loath a single life,
And therefore prays for a high portion d *Wife*:
Servio would fain be thought religious too,
And therefore prays as the *Religious* do:
Servio still prays for *Profit*, or *Applause*:
Servio will seldom pray, without a *Cause*,

XV. *On the Devil's Master-piece.*

THis is the height the Devil's Art can show,
To make man proud, because he is not so.

XVI. *On our Saviour's Fishing.*

WHen as our blessed Saviour took in hand
To be a *Fisher*; Mark the rule he keeps;
He first puts off a little from the Land;
And, by degrees, he launch'd into the *Deeps*.
By whose example, our *Men fishers* hold
The self-same course; they do the same, or *should*.

XVII. *On Man's greatest Enemy.*

OF all those mortal Enemies, that take part
Against my Peace, *Lord*, keep me from my *Heart*.

XVIII. *On the Hypocrite.*

HE's like a *Reed*, that always do reside,
Like a well planted *Tree*; by th' water side;
He bears no other fruit, but a vain brag
Of formal sanctity; A very *Flag*:
He's round, and full of substance, to the show;
But hollow-hearted if inquir'd into:
In peaceful seasons, when the weather's fair
Stand firm; but shakes with every blast of *Air*.

XIX. *On the holy Scriptures.*

WHy did our blessed Saviour please to break
His sacred thoughts in *Parables*, and speak

In dark *Ænigma's*? Whosoever thou be
That findst them so, they were not spoke to thee:
In what a case is he, that haps to run
Against a Post, and cries, How *dark's the Sun*?
Or he, in Summer, that complains of *Frost*?
The Gospel's hid to none, but who are lost:
The Scripture is a *Ford*, wherein 'tis said,
An Elephant may *swim*, a Lamb may *wade*.

XX. *On man's Heart.*

NAture presents my heart in *Ore*:
Fair, civil carriage *gilds* it 'ore;
Which when th' Almighty shall behold
With a pleas'd eye, he brings to *gold*;
Thus chang'd, the Temple *Ballance* weighs to 3
If dross remain, the *Touch* bewrays it,
Affliction's *Furnace* then refines it
God's holy Spirit stamps and coins it;
So coin so currant; it wil go
For the best *Wares*, that Heaven can show.

XXI. *On Drunkenneß.*

MOst Sins, at least, please sence; but this is Treason,
Not only gainst the *Crown* of *Sense*, but *Reason*.

XXII. *On a Kiß.*

ERe since our blessed Saviour was betray'd
With a *Lip-kiß*, his Vicar is afraid;
On whence, perchance, this common use did grow
To kiss his t'other end; *I meanbis Toe*.

XXIII. *On the Alchymist.*

THe patient *Alchymist*, whose vain desire,
By Art, is to dissemble Nature's *Fire*,
Imployes his labours to transmute the old,
And baser *substance* into perfect Gold;
He laughs at unbelievers, scornes and flouts
Illiterate *Counsel*; neither cares, nor doubts;
Untill at length, by his ingenious *itch*,
He's brought most poor, in seeking to be rich:
Such is the *Civil man*; that by his eaven
And level actions, hopes to merit Heaven;
He thinks by help of *Nature* to acquire,
At least to counterfeit the sacred fire
Of saving *Grace*, to purge, and to refresh
His base desires and change his *stone* to *flesh*;
He spurns at Counsel; he derides and jerks
Those whining spirits that renounce their *works*;
Till, too much trusting to their doing well,
In seeking Heaven, they find the flames of Hell.

XXIV. *On the ten Lepers.*

TEn *Lepers* cleansed? And but one of ten
Return the *Cleanser* thanks? Ungrateful men;
But *Ten* ith' *Hundred?* that's a Gain that we
Receive or Sue, yet oft deny it Thee.

XXV. *On the last Epigram.*

HOw, how am I deceiv'd, that speaks to thee
Of *Int'rest*, when the purchase was in *Fee?*
Thou mad'st a clean *Conveyance* to the Ten,
And n'ere expect'dst the *Principal* agen?

Lord, we must reckon by another *Rate*;
They gave not one years Purchase for th' *Estate*:
Lord, how we palter with thee! We pretend
A present Payment, till we obtain our *End*:
And then we crave, and crave a longer *Day*,
Then pay in *Driblets*; or else never pay.

XXVI. *On the Box of Ointment.*

IT is no wonder, he above the rest,
Whom *thirty pieces* tempted to betray
The Lord of *Glory* to his death, profest
The *Box of Ointment* was but cast away:
He that dare *murmure* at so small a cost,
May easily think the charge in *Burial* lost.

XXVII. *On* Mary *and* Judas.

MAry did kiss him; *Judas* kist him too,
But both their aims were cover'd in a *mist*:
th kiss our *Saviour*, but their kisses do
ffer as far as did the parts they kist,
There's danger still, where double hearts do steal
The form of *Love*, or wear the cloak of *Zeal*.

XXVIII. *On our Saviour and his Vicar.*

ME-thinks thy *Vicar Gen'ral* bears the Keys,
And executes thy *Place* with greater ease,
d in one *Jubilee* enjoyes, more mirth,
n thou, my dying Lord, didst from thy Birth:
d Thou hadst not wherewithal to fill
craving stomack: He has *Cates* at will;
empty Coffers had not to defray
Tribute-charge: To him, Kings *Tribute* pay.

Foxes have holes; thou hadst not, whereupon
To rest thy wakeful head; He snores in *Down*:
In short, thy life was nothing but the Story
Of *Poverty*, and his of Princely *Glory*.
When tempting Satan would have giv'n thee all
The *wealth* and *glory* of the world, to fall
And worship him; at thy refusal, Lord,
Thy Vicar took the *Tempter* at his word:
So came thy wants so great, so great his store;
The Vicar is so *rich*, the Lord so *poor*.

XXIX. *On the great Prelate.*

OUr Saviour's *feet* were kist; the people do
The very same to thee, great *Prelate*, too:
O, who will seal but such another *Kiss*
Upon thy *Lips*, our Saviour had on his!

XXX. *On Idolatry.*

CAn common madness find a thing, that's more
Repugnant to the very Laws of *Nature*?
That the Creator's *Image* should adore
The sensless Image of a sensual *creature*!
If such be Gods; if such our helpers be,
O, What are Men! How more than Beasts are we.

XXXI. *On the Tables of Stone.*

THat stony *Table* could receive the print
Of thy just *Laws*; thy *Laws* where written in,
It could be hew'd, and letters grav'n thereon
Sure, Lord, my Heart is harder than that *stone*.

XXXII.

XXXII. *On man's three Enemies.*

THere's three that with their fiery *Darts*, do level
Against my Soul, the *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Devil*:
Lord, give me Patience, if not strength, For there
Are *three* t'afflict me; I'm but one to bear.

XXXIII. *On* Dinah.

WHen *Dinah's* careless *eye* was grown too lavish,
To entertain, *Sechem* found time to *ravish*.
It is no less than silent invitation,
Although we scorn the sin, to give th' occasion:
Sure *Dinah's* Resolution was too strong,
Or to admit, or not *resist a wrong*,
And scorns to stoop to the *Adulterers* arms,
Which often burn, intending but to warm's.
She went but out to see; Perchance, to hear
What *Lust* could say: What harm to lend an ear?
Another sin, sometimes, procures our shames,
It stains our Bodies, or at least, our names.

XXXIV. *On* Eido.

MArk, when the good man prospers with his *plots*;
Hee's still envy'd; despis'd, if prosper not:
The wicked have no *peace* with God; And, then,
How canst thou, *Eido*, look t' have *peace* with men.

XXXV. *On* Jacob.

HOw *Jacob's* troop'd? *Laban* pursues with one
Great *Troop*; and *Esau* meets him with another:
Laban resolves to apprehend his *Son*;
Esau to be reveng'd upon his Brother:

Me-thinks, I see how Jacob *stands suppli'd,*
Like Vertue, with a voice on either side.
Laban pursues him to regain his *gods,*
Esau t' avenge his *Birth-right* and his *Blessing:*
What hope has *Jacob* now; 'Twixt both, 'tis odds;
There will be either *Death,* or *dispossessing:*
God takes delight to turn our helper then,
When all our helps and hopes are past with men.
Laban's encounters *Jacob*; He requires,
His *gods:* And *Esau*'s near at hand by this.
Laban's appeased; and quench'd are *Esau*'s Fires:
T' one leaves him; T'other meets him with a *Kiss:*
Jacob's in league with both. *The soul that shall*
Have peace with God, has league and peace with all.

XXXVI. *On Drunkenness.*

IT is a *Thief*; that oft before his face,
Steals *Man* away, and layes a *Beast* in's place.

XXXVII. *On a Tenise-Court.*

MAn is a *Tenise Court*; his Flesh the *Wall*;
The Gamesters, *God*, and *Satan*, the Heart's the *Ball*:
The higher and the lower *Hazzards* are
Too bold *Presumption*, and too base *Despair:*
The *Rackets*, which our restless *Balls* make fly,
Adversity and sweet *Prosperity:*
The Angels keep the *Court*, and mark the place
Where the *Ball* falls; and chalk out ev'ry *Chase*;
The *Line*'s a Civil life, we often cross:
O're which the *Ball* not flying, makes a *Loss:*
Detractors are like *Standers by*, and bett
With Charitable men; Our *Life*'s the Sett.
Lord, in this *Conflict*, in these fierce *Assaults*,
Laborious *Satan* makes a world of *Faults:*

Forgiv

Forgive them, Lord, although he ne'r implore
For favour they 'l be set upon our *score*:
O, take the *Ball*, before it come to th' ground,
For this base *Court* has many a *false rebound*,
Strike, and strike hard, and strike above the *Line*:
Strike where thou please, so as the *Set* be thine.

XXXVIII. *On* Abel's *bloud.*

A*Bel* was silent, but his *bloud* was strong,
Each drop of guiltless *blood* commands a tongue,
A tongue that *cries*; 'Tis not a tongue, implores
For *gentle Audience*. 'Tis a tongue that roars
For hideous *Vengeance*; 'Tis a tongue that's bold
And full of *Courage*, and that cannot hold:
O, what a noise my blessed Saviour's *Blood*
Makes now in Heav'n! how strong it cries! how loud!
But not for *Vengeance*: From his side has sprung
A world of *drops*; from ev'ry drop, a *Tongue*.

XXXIX. *On the Memory.*

DOes thy corrected frailty still complain
Of thy disloyal *Mem'ry*? Do'st retain
Nothing that's good? And is the better part
Of what thou hear'st, before it warm thy heart,
Snatcht from thy false *Remembrance*? is the most
Of what th' inspired *Prophets* tell thee, lost
In thy unhospitable ears? and not
To be recall'd? Quite buried? Quite forgot?
Fear not: Thou hast a *Chanc'lour* in thy Breast,
That keeps th' *Exchequer*, and hoards up the least,
The *poorest Sum*: No, no, thou need'st not fear,
There's nothing will be lost that's taken there;
Think'st thou, that thou hast lost that piece of *Gold*,
That's dropt into a fairer *Heap*, untold?

Or can'st thou judge, that *Fire*, clos'd about
With rak'd up *Embers*, 'cause not seen, is out?
Gold, lost in greater *Sums* is still thine own;
And rak'd up *Embers* will, in time, be blown
To *Flames*: Believe t the *Words* thine ears have lost,
Thy *heart* will find, when thou shalt need them most.

XL. *On the Babel-builders.*

SUre, if those *Babel-builders* had thought good
To raise their heav'n high *Tower* before the *Flood*,
The wiser sort of people might deride
Their *folly*, and that folly had salv'd their *pride*;
Or, had their *Faiths* but enterpriz'd that *plot*,
Their *hearts* had finisht what their hands could not:
'Twas not for love of heav'n: nor did they aim
So much to raise a *Building*, as a *Name*:
They that by *Works* shall seek to make intrusion
To heav'n, find nothing but their own *Confusion*.

XLI. *On* Esau, *and* Jacob.

ESau goes forth: strives with his own disquiet,
To purchase *Vin'son* for his Father's Diet:
Jacob abides at home; and by his *Mother*,
Is taught the way, how to supplant his Brother;
There's some that hunt, like *Esau*, sweat and toil,
And seek their *Blessing* by their own *Turmoil*;
Whilst others crave assistance, and bewray
Their wiser *weakness*, in a safer *Way*?
O, if the Church, my *Mother*, will instruct me,
Make *savory meat*, and cloth me, and conduct me
Into my Father's *Arms*, these hands shall never
Trust to the poorness of their own *Endeavour*:
Bring I a *Kid* but of my *Mother's* dressing,
'Twill please my *Father*, and procure my *Blessing*.

XLII. *On*

XLII. *On several Sins.*

Gross Sin

IS like a *shower*, which ere we can get in
Into our Conscience, wets us to the skin.

Sin of Infirmity

IS like the falling of an *April shower*:
'Tis often *Rain*, and *Sun-shine*, in an hour.

Sin of Custom

IS a long *shower*, beginning with the Light;
Oft-times continuing till the *Dead* of *Night*.

Sin of Ignorance

IT is a hideous *Mist*, that wets amain,
Though it appears not in the form of *Rain*.

Crying Sins

IT is a sudden *shower*, that tears in sunder
The *Cope* of *Heaven*, and alway comes with *thunder*.

Sin of Delight

IS like a *feathered shower of Snow*, not felt,
But soaks to th' very skin, when ere it melt.

Sin of Presumption

DOes like a *shower of Hail*, but wet and wounds
With sudden death, or strikes us to the *ground*.

The

The Sin of Sins.

IT is a *sulph'rous* showr such as fell
On *Sodom*, strikes, and strikes to th' *Pit of Hell.*

XLII. *On these Showrs.*

GOod God! what *Weathers* here! these souls of ours
Have still the luck to travel in a *showr*;
Lord, we are cold and pittifully drencht;
Not a dry Thread; and all our *Fire*'s quencht:
Our very Blood is cold, Our trembling knees
Are mutual *Anvils*; Lord, we stand and freez:
Alas, we find small comfort from the *Eye*
Of Heav'n; the showring *Clouds*, our *sins*, do fly
Betwixt the *Sun* and us? We dry no more,
Than if the *Sun* had given his Office o're:
Nay Lord, if now and then those *Beams* do chance
To break upon's, and lend a feeble glance
Upon our reeking *souls*; ere we begin
To feel the warmth, w'are dowz'd, and drencht agin:
In what a case are we! Our nightly *damps*
And daily *Storms* have fill'd our Souls with *Cramps*,
With wavering *Palsys*; and our hoarser tongues
Can do thee service, nor in *Prayers*, nor *Songs*:
Our Zeals are aguish, hot, and cold: They be
Extreemly hot to th' *World*, as cold to *Thee*:
Our Bloud has got a *Fever*; Lord, it must
Be set on fire with every wanton *Lust*:
What Worlds of mischief are there, that prevail not
Upon our fainting Souls? What is't we ail not,
That wet and cold can bring? Yet have no power
To keep us in, but dabble in the *Showr*:
Shine forth, bright *Sun* of glory, Be as fierce,
As these eclipsing *Clouds* are black; Disperse

And

And clear them with thy stronger beams, that thus
Dare interpose betwixt thy Glory, and us:
Reflect on my distempered Soul, Refine
This vap'rous *Earth*, this sinful Flesh of mine:
That though some *Drops* must fall, I may have power
Sheltred by Thee, t'avoid the down-right *Showr*:
O let my dabbled *Spirit* still retire
To thee, and warm her by thy Sacred *Fire*;
That having revell'd out some weary hours,
She may arrive where's neither, *Clouds* nor *Showrs*.

XLIV. *On* Dives *and* Lazarus.

DId ev'r *Judge* more equally proceed
To punish *Sin*? so right, in kind, and nature:
Poor *Lazarus* was refus'd a *crumb* of bread
And *Dives* was deny'd a *drop* of water:
Children are oftentimes so like the Mother,
That men may easily know th' one by th' other.

XLV. *On two Suitors.*

THe *Soul* is like a *Virgin*; for whose love
Two jealous Suitors strive; Both daily move
For Nuptial favour; Both with Lovers Art,
Plead for the Conquest of the Virgin's *heart*:
The first, approaching, knockt, and knockt again;
The *Door* being op'ned, at his entring in,
He blush'd; and (as young bashful Lovers use)
Is more than half discourag'd ere he sue's;
At length, that love, that taught him what to fear,
Gave resolution to present her ear
With what he hop'd; and in a lovers fashion,
He oft repeats the story of his *Passion*:
He vows his *Faith*, and the sincere perfection
Of undissembled and intire *Affection*;

He

He sues for equal mercy from her *eye*;
And must have love, or else, for love must dye.
His present means were short, he made profession
Of a fair *Joynture*, thought but small *possession*:
And in a word to make his *passion* good,
He offers to deserve her with his Blood.
The other boldly enters: with the strong
And sweet sip'd *Rhet'rick* of a Courtly tongue,
Salutes her gentle ears; his lips discover
The amorous language of a wanton *Lover*;
He smiles and fawns, and now and then lets fly
Imperious *glances* from his sparkling Eye;
Bribes her more *orient neck* with *Pearl*; with *charms*,
Enclosing *Bracelets* decks her ivory *Arms*;
He boasts th' extent of his Imperial Power,
And offers Wealth and Glory for a *Dower*:
Betwixt them both, the Virgin stands perplext:
The first tale pleas'd her well, untill the next
Was told; She lik'd the one, the other; Loth
To make a choise, She could affect them both;
The one was jocund, full of sprightly mirth,
The other better born, of Nobler Birth:
The second su'd in a compleater fashion,
I, but the first show'd deeper wounds of passion:
The first was sadly modest: And the last
More rudely pleasant. His fair looks did cast
More am'rous flames: But yet the other's eye
Did promise greater Nuptial *Loyalty*;
The last's more rich; yet riches, but for life,
Make a poor *Widow*, of a happy *Wife*:
The first's *Estate*'s but small, if not made good
By death; Fair *Joyntures* comfort *Widdow-hood*:
Whom shall this *Virgin* chuse: Her thoughts approve
The last for present *Wealth*; the first, for *Love*:
Both may not be enjoyed: Her heart must smother
Her love to *one*, if she affect the *other*.

Ah,

Ah, silly *Virgin*; is the choise so hard
In two extreams? Can thy weak thoughts reward
Two so unequal, with a like respect?
Know'st thou not which to slight, and which t' affect?
Submit to better judgment, and advise
With thy best *Friend*; O trust not thine own eys:
This *last*, that seems so pleasant, so accute,
Is but a *Slave*, drest in his Lords old *Suit*:
He brags of glory, and of princely power,
When he is kickt and baffld every hour:
The *treasure* that he boasts, is not his own;
He basely stole it, and the *Theft* is known,
For which he is *arraign'd*, condemn'd toth' pains
Of *death*; His sentence is, to bring in *Chains*:
His plot's to bring thee in as deep as hee,
Believe't, It is thy *Bloud* he seeks, not *Thee*:
The *Bribes* he gave thee are but stoln. Fond *Girl*
Discard those *Bracelets*, and disclaim that *Pearl*.
The *first*, whose oft repeated knocks did crave
Admittance, was the Lord to that base *Slave*:
His *Faith* is loyal, and as firm his *Vow*;
To him, his life's not half so dear as thou:
That *wealth*, that *honour*, that dissembled *power*,
That pleasant *Peasant* offer'd as a *Dower*,
Is that fair Lords: Nor *peace*, nor *pow'r*, nor *wealth*;
Can any challenge from him, but by stealth:
Match there, my Soul, and let thy sacred Vows
Plight holy Contracts with so sweet a Spouse:
His left hand's full of *treasure*, and his right
Of *peace*, and *honour*, and unknown *delight*:
He'l give thee *wealth*, and in thy wealth content,
For present means: And (when thy *glass* has spent
Her latest Sand, that time untransitory
The dayes) a joynture of *eternal Glory*.

XLVI. On

XLVI. *On an old and new Garment.*

NEw *Garments* being brought who is't that would
Not scorn to live a pris'ner to the *Old?*
Yet though our bounteous Saviour at his costs,
Presents us *new*, we love the *old ones* most;
Alas, they pinch us! O they sit too strait!
They are too cumbersom! too great a weight!
No, no, the *old* were too too light, too great;
So we have ease, we care not to be neat:
Like tyred Jades, our better wills repair,
To a foul *Stable*, than t'a *Road* that's fair.

LXVII. *On Man's Co-operation.*

WE are not *Blocks*; we must expect the *call*,
And, being call'd, must *move* and *rise* withal:
The *voice* were needless, and as good be dumb,
As with the *Call*, not give the *pow'r* to come:
Deserves he food, that thinks it vain to gape?
Christ takes his Spouse by Contract, not by *Rape*.

XLVIII. *On the old and new Tables.*

THe former *Tables* of the Law were broken,
And left no Monuments of themselves, no token,
No sign that ever such things were: But mark,
The *latter* were kept holy in the *Ark*:
Those *Tables* are our *Hearts*, Can we be bold
To look for *new*, and yet not break the *old*;
Or can the the ruins of the old find place
In th' ark of *Glory*, not repair'd by *Grace?*
Dismount, O blessed *Moses*, and renew
Those *Tables* thou hast broken, or make *new*.

XLIX. *On a Crucifix.*

WHy not the *Picture* of our dying Lord,
As of a Friend? Not *this*, nor *that* ador'd:
not th' Eternal Law command, that thou
ld, even as well forbear to make, as how?
to so good an *end*? T' advance his *Passion?*
gold being pure, what matter for the *Fashion?*
heed, the purest gold does often take
loss, some prejudice, for the fashion sake,
to a *civil end?* to garnish *Halls*,
deck our *Windows*, to adorn our *Walls*:
w-bread must not be common; And the Cruse
holy Oyl admits no civil use:
no; the beauty of his *Picture* lies
thin: 'Tis the object of our *Faith*, not *Eyes*.

L. *On praying to Saints.*

OOr pray to *Saints*, Is not the *Warrant* ample,
If *back'd* with *Scripture, strengthned with example?*
not that Iweltring *Dives* make *complaint*
water, was not *Abraham* a *Saint?*
y should Reformed *Churches* then forbid it?
true: But tell me, what was *He*, that did it?

LI. *On Confession.*

Xperience tells, that *Agues* are about
To wear away, when as our *Lips* break out:
Spiritual *Fevers*, there's the same expression
Health, Lips break forth into *Confession*;
mark, these hopeful *Symptoms* never do
firm the *Ague gone*, but *fair to go*:

They do not always work, what they portend,
Confession profits not, unless we mend.

LII. *On* Solomon's *Rejoyce.*

Y*Oung man, Rejoyce*: What jolly mirth is here;
Let thy heart cheer thee; What delicious Cheer
In thy young dayes; Thy cares will relish sweeter:
walk thy own wayes; Thy cares will pass the fleeter;
Please thy own heart; Carve where it likes thee best
Delight thine eys; And be a joyful Guest:
But know withal, the day will come, whereon
Thy Judge will doom thee for the deeds th'ast done:
O what a *Feast*! O what a *Reck'ning*'s here!
The *Cates* are sweet; the *Shot*'s extreamly dear:
Lord, I have been, and am, a daily *Guest*
(Too oft invited) at the *young-man's* Feast;
The *Reckning*'s great; Although I cannot pay,
I can *confess*; Great God, before this day,
I had been dragg'd to the redeemless *Jayl*,
Hadst thou not pleased t'accept my Saviour's *Bail*;
Lord, he must bear't, I doubt, For I can get
Nor *Coin* to pay, nor labour out the debt:
I cannot *dig*, my joynts are stark and laine:
But I can *beg*, although I beg with shame;
I have no *Grace* in begging; can receive
The first *repulse*; I have no *Faith* to crave:
If th' entertainments of the *Feast* be these!
Lord, give me *Famine*, take the *Feast*, that please.

LIII. *On Bread.*

TAke up that bit of *Bread*; and understand,
What 'tis thou holdest in thy careless hand:
Observe it with thy thoughts; and it will read thee
A useful Lecture, ev'n as well as feed thee.

We stir our *Lands*, or give directions how;
But God must send a season for the *Plow*:
We sow our *Seed*, but sow our seed in vain,
If Heav'n deny the first, the latter *Rain*;
Small proof in *showrs*, if heav'ns pleas'd hand shall cease
To bless those showrs, nor crown them with *increase*;
The tender *Blades* appear before thine eye,
But, *unrefresht* by heav'n, as soon they dye;
The Infant-*Ears* shoot forth, and now begin
To corn, but God must hold his *Still-dews* in;
The *Harvest's* come, but Clouds conspire together,
Hands cannot work, till heav'n shall clear the *weather*;
At length 'tis reap'd; between the Barn and Furrow,
How many offices poor Man runs thorow!
Now God has done his part, The rest we share
To man; His providence takes now the care:
No, yet it is not ours; The use alone,
Not bare possession, makes the thing our own:
Thy swelling *Barns* have crown'd thy full desire,
But heav'n, when Mows should *sweat*, can make them *fire*:
I but the *sheaves* are thrasht, and the heap lies
In thy full *Garner*: he that sent the *Flies*
To *Pharohs* Court, can, with as great an ease,
Send the more wastful *vermine*, if he please.
Perchance 'tis grounded, kneaded, and what though?
God's *Curse* is often temper'd with the *Dough*:
Believe 't the fruits of all thy toyl, is mine,
Until they be enjoy'd, as much as thine:
But now 't has fed thee: Is thy soul at rest
Perchance thy stomack's dainty to digest.
No, if Heav'ns following favour do not last
From the first *Furrow* to the very *last*,
Thy labour's lost: The *Bread* of all thy travel,
Without that blessing, feeds no more than *Gravel*:
Now wasteful Man, thou may'st repose again
That Model of God's *Providence*, and thy *pain*,

That bit of *Bread*; And if thy Dog should fawn
Upon thy lap, let not so dear a Pawn
Of greater plenty be contemn'd and lost;
Remember *how* it came, and *what* it cost.

LIV. *On Faith and Reason.*

TRue *Faith* and *Reason* are the Soul's two *Eyes*:
Faith evermore looks upward, and descries
Objects remote, but *Reason* can discover
Things only near, sees nothing that's above her:
They are not *Matches*, often disagree;
And sometimes both are clos'd and neither see:
Faith views the *Sun*, and *Reason* but the shade:
T'one courts the *Mistress*, t'other wooes *the Maid*:
That sees the *Fire*; this only but the *Flint*,
The true-bred Christian always looks asquint.

LV. *On carnal Mirth.*

WHo seeks to quench by help of *Carnal* friends
Those fiery *Errants* that the conscience sends,
Redeems his *Peace*, but with a further *Spoil*;
Drinks in a *Fever*, quenches Fire with Oyl.
Lord, if thou strike my *Conscience*; and that, *Mee*:
I will expect and trust no Friend, but *Thee*.

LVI. *On Prayer.*

PRayer's like a *Vapour* sum'd from earth; that flies
To th' *gates* of Heav'n; It never rots ith' skies;
If *Faith* and it be joyn'd, it will obtain,
And melt into a first and latter *Rain*:
If *Faith* forsake her, and they part in sunder,
It falls in *Thunderbolts*; at least, in *Thunder*.

LVII. *On*

LVII. *On* Anna.

WHat faithful *Anna* by her Tears had done;
Deserv'd the double duty of a Son:
She was a *double* Parent, pleas'd to doe
A double Office; *bore*, and *got* him too:
Thus *Samuel* was (It was less strange than rare)
Born of her *Body*, gotten by her *Prayer*.

LVIII. *On a Gift.*

NO *less* to give to thee; the gift is more
Our *own*, being giv'n, great God, than 'twas before.

LIX. *On myself.*

IF righteous *Ely* was not vengeance free,
How shall I escape! He was a Saint to me:
Nay, Lord, how would my heart and comfort fail,
If I should weigh thy Mercies in our *Scale*!

LX. *On Justification and Sanctification.*

LOrd thou hast promis'd *in* and *for* thy Christ,
To *sanctifie* where 'ere thou *Justifi'st*:
Lord, all my Evils are justifi'd in thee;
Lord, let those Evils be sanctifi'd to me.

LXI. *On Man's Love.*

WHen think we, Lord, on thee! and when we do
How feeble are our thoughts, and sinful too?
How basely do our crooked Souls engage
Themselves to Heav'n? We make thy Glory, *Page*

To our Salvation : Man's more servile heart
Loves what he'd *have thee*, Lord, not what thou art ;
This is the very best of man ; wherein
W'are apt to think we *merit* more than *sin* :
But there's a baser *Love* ; Our chief respects
Have meer relation to our own *Defects* :
Like *Dogs* we fawn upon our Masters *Laps*,
With dirty feet, and only love for *Scraps*.
But there's a baser yet : We love for fear,
Finding, like *Cain*, more than we can bear ;
And, were it not for shame, our hearts would be
As warm to *Satan*, as, great God, to *Thee* :
But there's a baser yet, And baser none ;
We love thee, to be lov'd of man alone :
We force a *Zeal*, usurp the name of *Pure* ;
That we may sin more *closely*, more *secure* :
We love thee only to abuse thee, just
As whores love Husbands, but to cloak their lust,
How art thou martyr'd in our lustful Fires !
How made a *Stale* to catch our *wild* desires !
Lord, I will love as far as lies in me,
Thee for thy *self*, and all things else in *Thee*.

LXII. *On filial love and servile.*

THey'r not alike, although alike appear :
T'one fears for love, The other loves for *Fear*.

LXIII. *On Grapes.*

IT is receiv'd, that *seed* of Grapes being sown,
Brings forth *degenerate* Clusters, or else *none* :
But Stocks being *grafted* prove a *fruitful* Vine,
Whose pleasing *Berries* yield a generous Wine ;
We are thy *Vineyard*, Lord ; these grapes of our
By *Nature*, are degenerous and sowr.

But if thou please to *graft us*, we shall bear
Delicious fruit; which being prest, will chear
The heart of *Angels*, and that blessed *Trine*
Of perfect glory, with their sprightly *wine*.

LXIV. *On Joy and Grief.*

LOrd, if my *Griefs* were not oppos'd with *Joy*,
They would destroy:
And if my *Mirth* were not allay'd with *Sadness*,
It would be Madness;
While *this* with *that*, or *that* with *this* contends,
They'r both my *Friends*,
But when these happy *wars* do chance to cease,
I have no peace.
The more my earthly *Passions* do contest,
The more my heavenly *Affections* are at rest.

LXV. *On Doves and Serpents.*

WE must have *Doves* and *Serpents* in our heart,
But how they must be marshall'd, ther's the *Art*;
They must agree, and not be far asunder;
The *Dove* must hold the wily *Serpent* under:
Their natures teach what places they must keep,
The *Dove* can *fly*, the *Serpent* only *creep*.

LXVI. *On Christ, and our selves.*

I Wish a greater knowledg than t' attain
The knowledg of *my self*; a greater Gain
Than to augment *my self*; a greater Treasure
Than to enjoy my self; a greater Pleasure
Than to content my self; how slight and vain
All Self knowledge, Pleasure, Treasure, Gain:

Unless my better Knowledg could retrive
My Christ; unless my better Gain to thrive
In Christ; unless my better Wealth grow rich
In Christ; unless my better Pleasure pitch
On Christ; or else my Knowledg will proclaim
To my own heart, how ignorant I am:
Or else my Gain, so ill improv'd, will shame
My Trade, and shew how much declin'd I am:
Or else my Treasure will but blur my name
With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poor I am:
Or else my Pleasures that so much *inflame*
My thoughts, will blab how full of sores I am:
Lord, keep me from *my self*, 'tis best for mee,
Never to own *my self*, if not in *Thee*.

LXVII. *On Man.*

AT our Creation, but the *Word* was said,
And we were made:
No sooner were, but our false hearts did swell,
With *Pride*; and fell:
How slight is *Man*! At what an easie cost
Hee's *made* and *lost*?

LXVIII. *On Death.*

WE all are going to the self same *Place*,
We only differ in our *Way* our *Pace*:
One treads the *Common Road* of Age: Another
Travels, directly by the hand of's *Brother*:
Some cross the *Waves*, perchance the nearer way:
Some by the winged *Shaft* that flies by Day:
Some ride on *Fevers*: Others beat the hoof,
With horses in their hands, and make a proof,
Of their own *strength*; Others more fairly pace
On beds *of down*: some ride a speedy race

On hot-mouth'd *Surfets*, emulous for the *Cup* :
Some hotly-mounted fiercely gallop up
On spurgall'd *Broyls*, whose Frantick motion send
Their hasty spirits to their *Journeys end* :
Some ride upon the racking Steeds of *Treasure* ;
Others false-gallop on the backs of Pleasure :
All journey forwards to the self same place ;
Some the next way ; and some the faster pace ;
All post an end, till beaten out of *Breath*,
They all arrive at the great *gates* of Death.
Lord, in this *Common Road*, I do not care
What pace I travel, so my way be fair.

LXIX. *On the life of Man.*

OUr Life is nothing but a *Winter's day* :
Some only break their *Fast*, and so away :
Others stay *Dinner*, and depart full fed ;
The deepest age but *sups*, and goes to bed :
Hee's most in debt, that lingers out the *Day* :
Who dies betime, has less, and less to pay.

LXX. *On God's Image.*

IT was a *dainty piece* ! In every part,
Drawn to the life, and full of curious Art :
It was as like thee as a *shadow* could
Be like a *substance* ; There was none but would
Have known thee by't, There needed then no name,
No golden *Characters* that might proclaim
Whose *Picture* 'twas : the Art was so divine
That very Beasts did reverence, as thine :
But now, alas, 'tis blurr'd : the best that we
Or they can judge, is this, 'Twas made for thee :
Alas 'tis faded, soil'd with hourly dust,
Sullied, and shadow'd with the smoak of *Lust* ;

So

So swarth, as if that glorious face of thine
Were tawned underneath the *torrid line*:
How is thy *Picture* alt'red! how ill us'd
By our neglects! how slubber'd! how abus'd!
Her Cedar *Frame*'s disjoynted, warp'd, and broke,
Her curious *Tablet*'s tainted with the smoak:
The object's both offensive and the savour;
Retaining neither *Beauty*, nor the *Favour*.
Lord, let not thy displeased eye forsake
Thy *handy work*, for the bad keepers sake:
Behold it still; and what thou seest amiss,
Pass by; think what it was, not what it is:
What though her beauty, and her colours fade?
Remember; O, 'twas like Thee when 'twas made:
There is a great *Apelles* that can lim
With thy own *Pencil*; we have sought to *Him*:
His skilful hand will wash off all the soyl,
And cleanse thy picture with his sacred Oyl:
Hee'l mak't more fair than 'twas, at least the same,
Hee'l mend the *Tablet*, and renew the *Frame*:
Till then be pleas'd to let thy Picture be
Acknowledged *thine*, 'twas made for none but *Thee*.

LXXI. *On the Penny.*

HE that endur'd the tyranny of *Heat*,
The *Morning* sorrows, and the *Mid-day*-sweat,
The *Evening* toyl, and *burthen* of the *day*,
Had but his promis'd *Penny* for his pay:
Others, that loyter'd all the *Morning*, stood
I'th' idle *Market*, whose unpractis'd bloud
Scarce felt the warmth of labour, nor could show
A *blush* of action, had his penny too:
What Wages can we merit, as our own:
Slaves that are *bought* with *price*, can challenge none,
But only *Stripes*: alas, if Servants could
Do more, than bid, they do but what they should:

When

When man endeavours, and when heav'n engages
Himself by Promise, they are *Gifts*, not *Wage*;
He must expect: *We* must not look t' obtain
Because we *Run*; Nor do we *run* in vain:
Our runing shows th' effect, produces none;
The *Penny*'s given alike to every one
That works i'th' *Vineyard*; Equal *price* was shar'd
T'unequal *workers*; therefore no *Reward*:
Lord, set my hands *awork*; I will not serve
For *Wages*; lest thou give what I *deserve*.

LXXII. *On a Christian.*

THe Generous *Christian* must as well improve
I'th' quality of the *Serpent*, as the *Dove*;
He must be *innocent*; affraid, to do
A wrong: and *crafty*, to prevent it too.
They must be mixt, and temper'd with true love;
An *Ounce* of Serpent serves a *Pound* of *Dove*.

LXXIII. *On God's Bounty.*

GOD freely gives, as freely we receive;
It is not *Do*, but, *Ask*, *and thou shalt have*.

LXXIV. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like to *Mountains* that arise
Above the *Clouds*, and threat the *threatning skies*:
Lord, give me *Faith*, and let that Faith be prov'd,
In leaving not a *Mountain* unremov'd.

LXXV. *On the life of Man.*

A *Thousand* years with God (the Scriptures say)
Are reckon'd but a *Day*;

By

By which account, this measur'd Life of our
Exceeds not much an *hour*,
The half whereof Nature doth claim and keep
As her own debt for sleep,
A full *sixt part* of what remains, we riot
In more than needful Diet;
Our *Infancy*, our *Childhood*, and the most
Of our *green youth* is lost:
The *little* that is left, we thus divide,
One part to cloath our pride,
Another share we lavishly deboise
To *vain*, or *sinfull* joyes:
If then at most, the measur'd life of man
Be counted but a *span*.
Being half'd, and quarter'd, and disquarter'd thus,
What, what remains for us?
Lord, if the *Total* of our days do come
To so, so poor a *sum*;
And if our shares, so small, so nothing be,
Out of that *Nothing*, what remains to *Thee?*

LXXVI. *On the Childrens Bread.*

THy strengthning *Graces* are the *Childrens Bread*,
Which makes thy *thriving Children* strong and able,
Honour and Riches are the *Crums* that fed
The *Dogs* that lurk beneath their *Masters* Table;
Lord, if thy gracious pleasure will allow
But *Bread*; I'm sure I shall have *Crums* enow.

LXXVII. *On Trust and Care.*

OUr *Trust* in God, for Riches, neither must
Exclude our *Care*; nor Care *exceed our* Trust.

LXXVIII. *On* Ruſcus.

ILliterate *Ruſcus* heard *Pedantius* preach:
Admir'd the *Church-man's* learning, and commended
Such things alone that were above his reach:
But meanly ſlighted what he apprehended.
What hinders then to think, that *Ruſcus* hath,
At leaſt the twi-light of a *Baſtard Faith?*

LXXIX. *On the receiving of the Lord's Supper.*

MEn take the Sacred Seals of their Salvation,
As ſome do Phyſick, not for *health* but *faſhion.*
The Day preceeding, and the following Day,
There's none ſo ſtrict, none ſo reform'd as they:
They curb the fury of their wanton riot,
And call their ſurſets to a ſtricter Diet:
The time expir'd, the firſt aſſault that haps,
Prevails, and ſtrikes them to a worſe *Relaps*;
Like Dogs to *vomit*, they return agin,
As though they ad paſt a *Patent* now to ſin:
Let ſuch *Day-Chriſtians*, on the very top
Of all their mirth, remember *Judas Sop.*

LXXX. *On Faith.*

TH' oft-ſhaken *Tree* grows faſter at the root, *(Doubt.*
And *Faith*'s moſt firm, that's ſometimes urg'd with

LXXXI. *On the Story of Man.*

THe *word* was ſpoke: And what was *Nothing*, muſt
Be made a *Chaos* of confuſed *Duſt*:
The *word* was ſpoke; the *Duſt* began to thicken,
To a firm *Clay*; the *Clay* began to quicken;

The

The groſſer ſubſtance of that *Clay* thought good
To turn to *Fleſh*, the moiſter turn'd to *Blood*;
Received *Organs*, and thoſe Organs, *Senſe*:
It was imbelliſht with the excellence
Of *Reaſon*, It became the *Height of Nature*,
Being *ſtampt* with th' *Image* of the great Creator:
But, Lord, that glorious *Image* is defaced,
Her Beauty's *blaſted*, and her Tablet's *raſed*;
This height of Nature has committed *Treaſon*
Againſt it ſelf, declin'd both *Senſe* and *Reaſon*:
Meer *Fleſh* and *Blood*, containing but a day
Of painted pleaſure, and but *Breathing Clay*.
Whoſe moiſture, dry'd with his own ſorrow, muſt
Reſolve, and leave him to his former *Duſt*;
Which duſt, the utter object of our loathing,
Small time conſumes, and brings to his firſt *nothing*.
Thus from this *nothing*, from this *Duſt*, began
This *Somthing*, turn'd to *Duſt*, to *Nothing* Man.

LXXXII. *On* Ananias.

THe *Land* was his, The *land* was his alone,
'Twas told, and now the *money* was his own;
The power remain'd in the *Poſſeſſor's* hand
To keep his *money*, or have kept his *land*:
But once devoted to the *Churches good*,
And then conceal'd, it coſt his *life*, his *blood*.
If thoſe that give may not reſume agin,
Without a *Puniſhment*, without a *Sin*,
What ſhall become of thoſe whoſe unjuſt power
Diſpoyls the *widowed* Temple of her *Dower*?
Who takes her profits, and inſtead of giving
Increaſe to her revenues, make a living
Upon her ruins, growing plump and full
Upon her wants, being clothed in her *wooll*:

While

While she sustains th' extreams of cold and hunger,
To pamper up the fat *Advowson-munger*;
Who thrust their *Flesh-hooks*, in their thirsty Pot,
And only leave her, what they value not,
The whilst her sacred *Priests* that daily tread
Their slighted *Corn*, must beg their early *Bread*;
Or else, be fore'd to purchase easie shares
With that dear *price* of their ungranted *Prayers*:
Let such turn back their sacrilegious eyes,
And see how breathless *Ananias* lies,
Behold the Wages that his sin procures,
That was a *Mole-hill*, to these *Alpes* of yours:
He took not from the *Church*, did but conceal
Some parts he gave: But your false fingers steal
Her main *Inheritance*, her own *Possession*:
His was but bare *deceipt*, yours bold *Oppression*:
O, if no less than the *first death* was due
To him, what *death* d' ye think's prepar'd for you?
So often as your pamper'd eyes shall look
On your Estates, think on the *Flying Book*.

LXXXIII. *On pious uses.*

THey that in life oppress, and then bequeath
Their goods to *pious uses* at their death,
Are like those Drunkards, being laid to sleep
They *belch* and *vomit* what they cannot *keep*.
To God's and Man's acceptance, I presume,
Their several actions send the like *perfume*.

LXXXIV. *On* Sophronia.

THe chaste *Sophronia* knows not how to escape
Th' inevitable danger of a *Rape*,
Cruel *Sophronia* draws her hasty knife,
And would relieve her Chastity with *life*.

Doubtful

Doubtful *Sophronia* knows not what to do,
She cannot keep the *one*, and 't *other* too:
Sophronia's in a strait; one eye is fixt
O'th' *seventh* Commandment, t' other on the *sixt*.
To what Extreems is poor *Sophronia* driven!
Is not *Sophronia* left at *Six* and *Seven?*

LXXXV. *On the knowing Man.*

HE's like a *Lusty Soil*, whose *moisture* feeds,
If not a world of *Corn*, a world of *Weeds*.

LXXXVI. *On* Rome's *Pardon.*

IF *Rome* could *Pardon* sins, as *Romans* hold,
And if such *Pardons* might be bought for *Gold*;
An easie Judgment might determine which
To choose; To be *Religious* or else *Rich*:
Nay *Rome* does *pardon*; *Pardons* may be sold:
Wee'l search no *Scriptures*, but the *Mine*'s for Gold.

LXXXVII. *On the World.*

THe *World* compos'd of *Heav'n* and *Earth*'s the story
Of God's *Eternal*, and Man's *Temp'ral Glory*.

LXXXVIII. *On formal Devotion.*

MEn do God Service with the same devotion,
As the foul Body takes his loathed *Potion*;
They stay, and stay; then gulp it down in haste,
Not for the *pleasure*, but to have it *past*:
Whose *druggy* taste goes so against their mind
That oft, the better part is left behind:
And what is taken, 's taken but in vain,
It either *works not*, or *comes up* again.

LXXIX. *On*

LXXXIX. *On heavenly Manna.*

O What a world of heav'nly *Manna* falls
Within the Circuit of our happy *Walls*!
With how great *Joy* would neighb'ring *Lands* receive
The Fragment of those *Fragments* which we leave!
Our furnisht *Markets* flourish all the year,
We need no *Epha*'s, nor yet *Omers* here:
We take unmeasur'd from the bounteous heap:
Thanks never were so *dear*, nor that so *cheap*:
We never board, but toss from hand to hand,
As if that *Famine* had forsworn the Land,
Our satiate stomacks are so lavish fed,
That we even sleight, and wanton with our *Bread*:
Ah Lord! I fear when careless children play
With their spoil'd *Bread*, 'tis time to take *away*.

XC. *On natural Sins.*

TO murther *Parents*, or our Selves, has bin,
Though falsly, counted an *unnatural Sin*.
natural, we are apt to fall into't,
rather think unnatural *not to do't*:
heav'n should but forsake us, 'twere agin
he very course of Nature, *not to sin*.

XCI. *On the Ark.*

F *Floods* of Tears shall drown my *World* of Sin,
Alas, my floating Ark retains within,
cursed *Cham* to store the *World* agin:
What then? so long as holy *Shem* vouchsafeth
But to divide a Tent with bashful *Japheth*.

XCII. *On* Sophronia.

Sophronia chooses rather to commit
Self-murder than by violence, to submit
Her ventured honour to the injurious trust
Of the *eye sparkling* Tyrant's furious *Lust*:
What means *Sophronia?* Dare her conscience frame
To act a *Sin*, but to prevent a *Shame*.

XCIII. *On a fair Prospect.*

Look, up, and there I see the fair abode
And glorious *Mansion* of my gracious God:
Look down; in every garnisht corner lies
Favours objected to my wondering eyes:
Look on my right hand; There the sweet encrease
Of joyes present me with a joyful *Peace*:
Look on my left hand; There my Fathers *Rod*
Sublimes my knowledge, from my self to God:
Look forward; There I see the lively story
Of *Faith*'s improvement, and of future *Glory*:
Look backward; There my thankful eye is cast
On *Sins* remitted, and on *Dangers* past:
Look inwards; And mine eye is made partaker
Of the fair Image of my glorious *Maker*.
Look up or *down*, *about*, *above*, or *under*;
Nothing but Objects of true *Love* and *Wonder*.

XCIV. *On Resolution.*

If thou hast given me *Wealth*, Great God, I crave
Content, and Grace to *have* the goods I have;

If otherwise, thy Will be done; I crave not
So much to *have*, as use the goods I *have not*:
Lord, make me *Thine*, and then I shall appear,
If not thine *Alm'ner*, yet thy *Beadsman* here.

XCV. *On the World's Welcome.*

EArths Entertainments are like those of *Jail*,
Her left hand brings me *Milk*, Her right, a *Nail*.

XCVI. *Our Meditation upon God.*

WHen thy ambitious *knowledge* would attempt
So high a *Task* as God, she must exempt
All carnal *sense*: Thy *Reason* must release
Her *power*, thy *Fancy* must be bound to th' *peace*;
Thy *spirits* must be rapt, they must exile
Thy *Flesh*, and keep a *Sabbath*, for a while:
Thou must *forget* thy self, and take strong *Bands*
Of thy own thoughts, and shake eternal hands
With thy rebellious *Lust*; discard and clear
Thy heart of all *Ideas*; then with *Fear*,
And holy *Reverence*, thou must think of *One*,
As though he were not to be thought upon:
Conceive a *Spiritual*, a most perfect *Being*,
Pure, *Simple*; At the self same instant, seeing
Things Present, Past, and Future; One whose *Might*
Whose *Wisdom*, *Justice*, *Mercy*, (in a height
Above *Exceeding*) is *Himself*, being great
Without a *Quantity*, and most Compleat,
Without *Degrees*: Eternal, without *space*,
Of *Time*: At all times present, without *Place*:
Think thus, and when thy *thoughts* can *soar* no higher,
Stay there, Stand humbly *silent*, and *admire*.

XCVII. *On Faith.*

HE that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Grief*,
Becauſe he wants it, hath a true *Belief*;
And he that grieves, becauſe his *Grief's* ſo ſmall,
H'as a true *Grief*, and the beſt Faith of all.

XCVIII. *On Man's Folly.*

I*Deots*, and Senſe-bound *Lunaticks*, deſcern
'Twixt *Salt* and *Sugar*; very *Babes* will learn
To know a *Counter* from a currant *Coin*;
Brute *Beaſts* by *Inſtinct* of Nature, will decline
Th' alluring *Bait*, and Senſe-beguiling *Snare*,
Thought that ſeem ne'r ſo ſweet; this ne'r ſo *fair*:
Yet *Man*, heaven's greateſt *Maſter piece* will chuſe,
What *Fools*, and *Madmen*, *Beaſts*, and *Babes* refuſe:
Delights in dangerous *Pleaſures*, and beneath
The name of *Joyes*, pleaſes himſelf to *death*.

XCIX. *On Glory.*

THat *Saint* in Heav'n whoſe *Glory* is the leaſt,
Has ev'n as perfect *Glory* as the beſt:
There's no *Degrees* but in a finite Treaſure,
No diff'rence 'twixt *Paul's* glory and *Mine*, but *Meaſure*.

C. *On Reward.*

WHen holy *Scriptures* mention the *Rewarding*
Of *Works*; we read not, *For*, but ſtill, *According*.

The end of the third *Book*.

DIVINE FANCIES.

The Fourth Book.

I. *A good Morrow.*

'TIs Day: Unfold thine Arms; Arise and rouse
Thy leaden Spirits, and pay thy Morning Vows.
Send up thy *Incense*; Let her early smoke
Renew that League thy very dreams have broke:
Then may'st thou *work* or *play*; Nothing shall be
Displeasing to thy God, that pleases thee.

II. *A good Night.*

CLose now thine Eyes, and rest secure;
Thy *Soul* is safe enough, thy *Body* sure:
He that loves thee, he that keeps
And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.
The smiling Conscience in a sleeping breast
Has onely peace, has only rest:
The musick and the mirth of Kings
Are all but very *discords*, when she sings:
Then close thine Eyes, and rest secure;
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

III. *On a Printing-House.*

THe *World*'s a *Printing-House*, our *words*, our *thoughts*;
Our *deeds*, are *Characters* of sev'ral sizes:
Each *Soul* is a *Compositor*, of whose faults
The *Levites* are *Correctors*: Heav'n *revises*;
Death is the *common Press*, from whence being driven
W'are gathered *Sheet* by *Sheet*, and bound for *Heav'n*.

IV. *A Dialogue between* Gabriel, *and* Mary.

GABRIEL,

HAil blessed *Mary*: *Ma.* What celestial tongue
Calls sinful *Mary* blessed? *Gab.* It is I.
Ma. Who art thou? *Gab.* I am *Gabriel* that belong
To the high Quire of Heaven: *Ma.* I faint, I dye.
Gab. Fear not sweet *Virgin*, all the *Earth* shall be
Made Debters to thy *Womb*, and blest in thee.
Ma. How Lord? *Gab.* Thy *Virgin-womb* shall bear a *Son*,
That shall *redeem* the world. *Ma.* My *Lord*, How can
Such wonders come to pass? such things be done
By a poor Virgin, never known by Man?
Gab. The *Holy Ghost* at his appointed hour,
Shall make thee pregnant by his sacred power,
Ma. *Wonder* of Wonders! *Gab.* At whose *height* the Quire
Of *Heav'n*, stand ravisht, tremble, and admire.
Ma. O may it be according to thy Word.
Gab. Before that twice five Moons compleated be
Thou shalt be known the *Mother* of our Lord,
And thou shalt dance thy Saviour on thy knee.
Ma. Both *heav'n* and *earth* shall triumph, and the *frame*
Of hell shall tremble at *Maria*'s name.
Gab. All *Ages* past, and present, and to come,
Shall joy in *Mary*, and in *Mary*'s womb.

V. *On* Rhemus.

IF Heav'n would please to purge thy *Soul*, as well
As *Rome* thy *purse*, thou need'st not fear a Hell.

VI. *On the Life of Man.*

MAns day's a *Song*, compos'd by th' great *Musitian*,
Full of harmonious *Airs*, and dainty choice,
But spoil'd with *Discords*, and too much *Division*:
Abus'd and lost for want of *skill* and *voice*;
We miss our *Rests*, and we neglect our *Graces*.
Our life the *Treble*, and our death the *Base* is.

VII. *On* Mary.

FOur *Maries* are eterniz'd for their worth;
Our *Saviour* found out *three*, our *Charles* the *fourth*.

VIII. *On the Church.*

LEt not thy *blackness* move thee to despair,
Black Women are belov'd of men that's fair:
What if thy hair her flaxen brightness lack?
Thy *Face* is comely though thy *Brow* be black.

IX. *On the two Essences.*

GOd's sacred *Essence* represents the bright
And glorious body of the greater light:
'Tis perfect, hath a *Being* of her own,
Giving to all, receiving light from none:
Man's *Essence* represents the borrowed light,
And feeble lustre of the Lamp of night;

Her *Rayes* are faint, and her reflection thin,
Distain'd with nat'ral blemishes within;
Inconstant, various; having of her own,
No light at all, or light as good as none:
When too much earth shall interpose, and slips
Betwixt these Lights, our souls are in th' *Eclips*.

X. *On our Saviour's Passion.*

THe earth tremble, and heaven's closed eye
Was loth to see the *Lord of Glory* dye;
The Skies were clad in mourning, and the Sphears
Forgot their *harmony*; the clouds dropt *tears*:
Th' ambitious Dead arose to give him room;
And ev'ry grave did gape to be his *Tomb*:
Th' affrighted heav'ns sent down elegious *Thunder*;
The *Worlds Foundation*, loos'd, to lose their *Founder*;
Th' impatient *Temple* rent her *Vail* in two,
To teach our hearts, what our sad hearts should do:
Shall senseless things do this, and shall not I
Melt one poor drop to see my Saviour die!
Drill forth my Tears; and trickle one by one,
Till you have pierc'd this *heart* of mine, this *Stone*.

XI. *On* Peter.

WHat luck had *Peter*! For he took a Fish
That stor'd his *Purse*, as well as fill'd his *dish*,
Whose bounty did *enrich*, as well as feed him:
But they are better *Fishers* that succeed him:
He catch by chance: *These catch* the like by skill:
He catcht but *once*: *These* catch them when they will:
They cast their Angles into better *Seas*;
Their bates are only for such *Fish* as these:
Brave sport, and full of curious pleasure! *Come*,
There is no fishing to the Sea — *of* Rome.

XII. *On*

XII. *On* Herodias.

I'Le tell thee, *Light skirts*, whoſoever taught
Thy feet to dance, thy dancing had a Fault:
Thou'lt find it dear, *Herodias*, if thou doſt,
Compare the *penn'worth* with the *price* it coſt.

XIII. *On Faith and Hope.*

HOw much the ſtronger *Hopes* on life relye,
So much the weaker is my *Faith* to dye.

XIV. *On water and Wine.*

THe happy diff'rence and ſweet change of life,
When a chaſt *Virgin* turns a loyal *Wife*:
Our bleſſed Lord in *Cana* did divine,
And turn'd cold *Water* into luſty *Wine*.

XV. *On Age.*

HOw *freſh bloud* dotes! O how *green Youth* delires!
It moſt diſdains the *thing* it moſt deſires.

XVI. *On a Fig-tree.*

A Chriſtian's like a *Fig-tree* that does bear
Fruit, green, or ripe, or bloſſoms, all the year:
No wonder then, our Saviour curſt that Tree;
Fig-trees are always dead where no Figs bee.

XVII. *On* Rhemus.

R*hemus*, Upon a time, I heard thee tell,
A *wall* divideth Purgatory and Hell:

And

And that a gold-bought *Maß* will clear th'offence
That brought us thither, and redeem us thence:
Ah *Rhemus*, what demented Soul would ſpare
To ruine Wife, or to diſ-land an Heir,
Rather than feel ſuch torments, you pretend,
That equal Hell in all but *time* and *end?*
Ah *Rhemus*, if the power of gold be ſuch,
How dare you be ſo bold to die ſo rich!

XVIII. *On* Jacob.

NE'r boaſt thy *Bargain*, *Jacob*; For poor wee
Have made a better contract far, than thee.
We envy not his Land thou didſt inherit:
Our Brother took our *Fleſh*; gave us his *Spirit*.

XIX. *On* Simon Magus.

S*Imon*, Bring gold enough, and I will tell thee
Where thou ſhalt *buy*, what *Peter* would not *ſell* thee.
Repair to his *Succeſſors*; they are free
And frolick *Gameſters*, not ſo ſtrict as hee:
Nay, if thy Gold be weak, they will not ſtand
To ſell good Pen'worths at the *ſecond hand*:
They'l ſell good cheap, but they'l not give to any;
No *Pater noſter* where there is no *Penny*:
No, if thy purſe be like an empty *ſhell*,
They will not *give*, what *Peter* would not *ſell*.

XX. *On the Biſhop of* Rome.

ADmit, great Prelate, that thou wert that *Rock*,
Whereon the *Church* was founded; couldſt *unlock*
The *gates* of Heav'n; and with thy *golden Key*,
Make Hell thy *Priſoner*, and the Fiends obey;

Thy

Thy Papal Dignity would far be greater,
If thou wert *Simon*, but as well as *Peter*.

XXI. *On* Milo.

DOe, strive to enter *Milo*, though thy Gate
Be narrow, and the rugged passage strait;
Lessen thy self, and fast thy carkass thin;
Take in thy *flesh* 'twill get thee easier in:
Look up to Heav'n, 'twill raise thy body uprighter;
Give lib'ral *alms*, 'twill make the tread the lighter:
Sweat forth thy base corruptions, and inherit
Thy promis'd *Crown*, half lost for want of spirit;
Let not thy dastard, and dull thoughts disdain
Those works which cold *despair* mistakes, as vain:
Take heed, let not thy queazy soul repine
Against those *Actions* which are none of thine;
Heav'n bids thee shine, what if thy *Rayes* be dim?
Do thou thy best, leave the success to him;
Follow thy *Work*; And when thy Soul shall be
Gather'd from hence, thy *Works* shall follow thee.

XXII. *On* Rome.

GOod *Works* abound in *Rome*; 'Tis well they do,
'Tis the best string they challenge to their Bow;
But ev'ry hee's no *Monk* that wears a hood,
'Tis well, if they'r well done as well as good:
When wandering Passengers have lost their way,
No sort of men that ride so fast as they.

XXIII. *On three dayes and nights.*

THou know'st our dying Saviour did repose
On *Friday*; On the *Sabbath*, he arose;

Tell

Tell me, by what account can he be said
To lodge *three days and nights* among the dead?
He dy'd for all the World : what wanted here,
Was fully supply'd in t'other *Hemisphear*.

XXIV. *On* Tobit's *Dog*.

WHat luck had *Tobits Dog?* what *grace*, what *glory*,
Thus to be Kennel'd in the Eternal *Story*?
Until the *Apocrypha* and *Scripture* sever,
The mem'ry of *Tobit's Dog* shall live for ever.

XXV. *On the Gospel*.

WHen two *Evangelists* shall seem to vary
In one discourse, they'r *divers*, not *contrary*:
One truth doth guide them both ; One Spirit doth
Direct them ; doubt not, to believe them both.

XXVI. *On* Servio.

SErvio, 'tis scarcely worth thy pains, to smother
Or to subdue one sin, and hug another :
Believe it, *Servio*, he that is in thrall
To one, is a potential *Slave* to all.

XXVII. *On* Formio.

FOrmio will keep the *Sabbath*, read and pray,
His lips are seal'd from oaths upon that day :
Formio is clad in black, and will absent
His fleshly thoughts, this holy time of *Lent*.
Thinkst thou, that *Formio*'s shaking hands with sin ?
No, 'tis but giving hands to meet agin.

XXVIII. *On*

XXVIII. *On* John *and* Jesus.

John was the *Morning-star* that did fore-run
The long wisht rising of our glorious *Sun*:
The first word that *John*'s preaching lips expressed
Was this, *Repent*; Our Saviour's first was, *Blessed*:
John makes the incision; *Jesus* makes it sound,
Jesus ne'r cures, where *John* ne'r made a wound.

XXIX. *On dispossessing.*

WE read a broyled Fishe's *heart* will scare
A frighted Devil from a troubled brest:
We read again, by *Fasting* and by *Pray'r*
The fierce *Demoniack*'s only dispossest:
What this affirms, that flatly does denye;
With reverence to the Text, *the one's a lye.*

XXX. *On* Herodias.

I Have a young *Herodias* lives within me,
That never leaves to *dance* until she win me
To grant her Suit; will never cease to plead
Untill I give her my *John Baptist*'s head:
O then my sorrow would be past her date,
And I, like *Herod*, should repent too late.

XXXI. *On* Malfido.

S*Atan's Injections* are like Weeds that fall
Into thy Garden, darted o're the Wall,
Whose loathsom smell unscent thy sweeter *flowers*
But grow not there, unless we make them ours:
They'l die, neglected; if thou lend them room,
They'l stink; but eas'ly thrown from whence they come:

Fear

Fear not, *Malfido*, those be they that spoil
Thy Flowr's that suck their *substance* from the soil:

XXXII. *On Slanders.*

WHen undeserv'd report distains my name,
It *shames* not, but perchance prevents a *shame*.

XXIII. *On the Law and Gospel.*

THe *Law* is tough, the *Gospel* mild and calm;
That lanc'd the *Bile*, and this pours in the *Balm*.

XXXIV. *On a Bosom-sin.*

THat *sin* that finds more credit than the rest,
That is thy *Darling*, leans upon thy *brest*;
That in the *Bosom* of thy heart does lie;
That dips within thy *dish*; Sayes, *Is it I?*
That gives thee kisses, that's the *sin* that slayes thee,
O that, O that's the *Judas* that betrayes thee.

XXXV. *On the World.*

THe World's a *Book*, writ by th' eternal *Art*
Of the great Maker, printed in mans heart;
'Tis falsly *printed*, though divinely *penn'd*,
And all th' *Errata* will appear at th' *end*.

XXVI. *On my Soul.*

MY weather beaten Soul long time has bin
Becalm'd, and tiding in the *Sea* of Sin,
But now afflictions *storm* does drive and toss
Her hatter'd *Keel*; the wind is loud and cross:

Fear

Fear fills her tatter'd *sails* and doubts do drive her
She knows not where, and of all hopes deprive her:
Thus, thus transported by the troubled Air
Amongst the swallowing *Quicksands* of Despaire;
If not prevented by a greater power,
She looks for *wreck*, and *ruin* ev'ry hour:
O, that mine eyes could rain a *shower* of tears,
That, that would lay the *storm* of all my fears.

XXXVII. *On the Cuckoe.*

THe idle *Cuckoe* having made a Feast
On Sparrows Eggs, layes down her own ith' nest;
The silly Bird she owns it, hatches, feeds it;
Protects it from the weather, clocks, and breeds it;
It neither wants repose, nor yet repast,
And joyes to see her *Chicken* thrive so fast:
But when this gaping Monster has found strength
To shift without a helper, she at length
Not caring for the tender care that bred her;
Forgets her parent, kills the *Bird* that fed her:
The *sin* we foster in our bosom thus;
'Ere we have left to feed it, feeds on us.

XXXVIII. *On* Tobit.

WAs it not time to send his son to *Rages*,
For mony, when his *wife* spun hard for *wages*?
Was't not high time for him to post away,
That for an *Angel* paid a *Groat* a day?

XXXIX. *On* David.

WHo ever sung so high, so rapt an *Io*
as *David*, prompted by heroick *Clio*?

But

But when thy more divine *Urania* sung,
What glorious Angel had so sweet a tongue?
But when *Melpomene* began to sing
Each words a *Rapture*, or some *higher thing*;
Sweet were thy *triumphs*, sweet those *joyes* of thine;
O, but thy *Tears*, were more than most *Divine*.

XL. *On a Monument.*

SEest thou that *Mon'ment*? Dost thou see how Art
Does polish nature, to adorn each part
Of that rare work, whose glorious Fabrick may
Commend her beauty to an after-day?
Is't not a dainty piece? and apt to raise
A rare adventage to the maker's praise?
But knowest thou what this dainty Piece encloses?
Beneath this glorious *Marble* there reposes
A noisom, putrid Carkass, half-devour'd
By crawling *Cannibals*; disgis'd, deflour'd
With loath'd Corruption, whose consuming scent
Would poison thoughts, although it have no vent:
Even such a piece art thou, who 'ere thou be
That readest these Lines; This *Monument* is *thee*:
Thy body is a Fabrick wherein nature
And art conspire to heighten up a creature
To some perfection, being a living Story
And rare abridgment to his Maker's glory;
But full of loathsom *Filth* and nasty *Mire*,
Of lust, uncurb'd Affections, base desire,
Curious without, but most corrupt within,
A glorious *Monument* of inglorious *Sin*.

XLI. *On* Plausus.

P*Lausus* has built a *Church*; And lest his glory
Should die, has boasted his vain glorious story,

Upon

Upon the painted *Wall*, and built to Fame
A large *Memorial* of his doubtful Name:
Plausus, 'tis bravely done, thy deeds make known,
Thou either seek'st *God's glory*, or thy *own*.

XLII. *On* Censorio.

THou blam'st the *Age*, condemns the *dayes* of *crimes*,
If thou wouldst mend thy *Faults*, 'twould mend the (*Times*.

XLIII. *On Fools of both Kinds.*

SOme scorn the Cross, whilst others *fall before it*;
Some *sit*, and take the Bread, and some *adore it*:
Some are too *bold*, and others too too *nice*;
Fools act a Sin, whilst they decline a Vice.

XLIV. *On the Name of* Jesus.

IT is the common course of man to double
The Name of *Jesus* in the time of trouble.
The Name of *Lord* is not a style to please us,
Jesus no Lord with us; if *Lord*, no *Jesus*.

XLV. *On the Woman with the Issue.*

HOw would thy Soul, fond Woman, be assur'd
Thy long disease could be so easily cur'd?
What? couldst thou think the touch of *cloth* was good
To dry the Fountain of thy flowing blood?
Or, was't because our blessed Saviour wore it?
Or why? I read not, that thou didst adore it:
He ne'r so much as own'd thee, Woman; Sure,
Thy *Faith*, and not his *Garment*, wrought the Cure.

XLVI. *On our Redemption.*

WE were created at a *word*, a *Breath*;
Redeemed with no less than *Bloud* and *Death*;
How much a greater labour is it than,
To *wash* a Sinner, than to *make* a Man?

XLVII. *On God's Arm.*

'TWas not that he was *weak*; or thou so *strong*;
He dy'd so soon, or that thou *livst* so long:
The head-strong Ox is haled to the slaughter,
When the poor *worm* cralls many a *Summer* after,
When Heav'ns victorious *Arm* shall please to strike,
The *Giant* and the *Pigmy* are alike.

XLVIII. *On our blessed Saviour.*

O Thou that wert the *King* of Heav'n and Earth,
How poorly wert thou attended at thy Birth!
A Manger was thy *Cradle*, and a Stable
Thy *Privy Chamber*, *Mary's* knees thy *Table*;
Thieves were thy *Courtiers*, and the Cross thy *Throne*;
Thy *Dyet* Gall; A wreath of Thorns thy *Crown*;
All this the King of Glory endur'd, and more,
To make us *Kings*, that were but *Slaves* before.

XLIX. *On* Corduplo.

KEep in thy *Actions*, and maintain the *Fences*
Of thy clos'd lips, *Corduplo*, and thy *Senses*;
Thou shalt deceive both man and Devil too,
And mayest be damn'd, and yet they never know;
The Devil's power of knowledge never delves
Into our hearts, till we proclaim our selves.

L. *On*

L. *On Dreams.*

WHo dreams a *Sin*, and not his dreams forbid it
An entertainment, sins as if he did it;
Which, if thy slumbring Soul could not prevent,
Th'art safe, if thou hast dream'd thou didst *repent*.

LI. *On* Adam.

HOw soon poor *Adam* was thy *freedom* lost;
Forfeit to Death, 'ere thou hadst time to boast;
Before thy Triumph, was thy Glory done,
Betwixt a *rising* and a *setting* Sun:
How soon that ends, that should have ended never!
Thine eyes ne'r slept, until they slept for ever.

LII. *On Sins and Blessings.*

WE write thy *Common Blessings*, Lord, upon
A sliding stream; no sooner writ, but gon:
Thy more illustrious Favours we entrust
To the dry Sand, defac'd with ev'ry Gust;
But, Lord, our Scrowl of *sins* are written down
On during Marble, or some harder stone;
And our extreme mis-doings are thought good
To be inscrib'd, like *Draco's Laws* in *Blood*:
Lord, let us change our *Table*, or our *Story*,
And we shall have more *Comfort*, thou more *Glory*.

LIII. *On* Celia.

Celia complains, her heart cannot be well:
Nor will not, *Celia*, till it cease to swell;
'Tis too too proud with blood perverse and sour,
It must be launc'd to let the humour out:

Alas, no Launce can pierce it, it is grown
More hard than *Launce*, or th' *Adamantine-stone*.
Then *Celia*, like an *Adamant*, thou must
Make the incision with her own-made *Dust*.

LIV. *On* Pusillus.

Pusillus can be jocund, never whines
When he is full; but still, in want repines:
And like a bad-nos'd Hound, that hunts not true,
Hee's at a *Fault*, if not the Game in *view*:
Be well advis'd, *Pusillus*, Heav'n may chance,
To *pipe* no more, if thou give o're to *dance*.

LV. *On Belief.*

THe Devils do *believe*, I know they do,
But their *belief* does make them *tremble* too.

LVI. *On* Crastinio.

Past time is gone, the *Future* is to be,
Crastinio, say, which most belongs to thee:
The *first*, thou further goest and further from;
And thou mayst die before the *last* shall come:
The *first*, *Crastinio*, 's now grown out of date:
Perchance the *last* may come, but come too late?
The *Last*'s uncertain, and the *first* is gone:
The *present* then, *Crastinio*, 's thine, or none.

LVII. *On an Hour-glass.*

MAns life is like an *Hour-glass*; wherein
Each several *sand* that passes, is a Sin:
And when the latest *sand* is spent and run,
Our *sins* are finisht, as our *lives* are done.

LVIII. *On*

LVIII. *On* Cain.

CAin, 'tis true: It was and did appear
A *Punishment* too great for thee to bear:
If thou hadst had a *Faith*, and could have bin
As much oppreſt and loaded with thy *ſin*:
Thy greater patience either might out-worn it,
Or found more able *ſhoulders* to have born it.

LIX. *On* Ticio.

Ticio ſtands gaping for the clouded Sun,
To be informed how faſt the howers run;
Ah, fooliſh *Ticio*, art thou ſound-in mind,
To loſe by *ſeeking*, what thou ſeek'ſt to *find*?

LX. *On* Sortio.

Sortio, thou mak'ſt a *Trade* of gaming, know,
Thou break'ſt *two* great *Commandments* at a throw:
The *Third* thou break'ſt by thy abuſe of *Lot*;
Thou break'ſt the *Tenth*, that bids thee, *Covet not*:
Now tell me, *Sortio*, whether ſins moſt high,
He that plays *fair*, or he that helps a *Die*?

LXI. *On* Raymond Sebund.

HOnour to high-brain'd *Raymond*, and no leſs
To thy renew'd Scholar, great *Du Pleſſe*:
Your high attempts object to our dull ſight
The God of Nature, by dull Nature's *light*:
But what has *Raymond*, and *Du Pleſſus* done?
They light but two bright *Tapers* to the Sun.

LXII. *To* Henry *Earl of* Holland.

TIs not the *Sun-shine* of great *Cæsar*'s Eye,
Nor our *opinion* makes thy honour flie
So fair a *pitch*; Nor need thy glory claim
Assistance from thy *Bloud*, t'enrich thy name;
But what is it that mounts thee up so high?
The *World* shall tell thee, *Henry*, and not I:
Bloud gives no *Virtue*, nor Opinion *Glory*;
And Princely Favours are but *Transitory*;
Heav'ns *Act* is mingled with great *Cæsar*'s *Eye*:
Heav'n gave thee *wings*, and *Cæsar* bids thee flye.

LXIII. *On Drunkards and Idolaters.*

WHich is the greater Sin, and which the less?
Which finds the *sharper*? which the *milder rod*?
To turn God's glorious Image to a *Beast*,
Or turn the Image of a Beast to *God*?
Thrice happy is that Soul, and more than thrice,
That buys no knowledge at so dear a price.

LXIV. *On Dying.*

HE that would die once well, must often try;
Practice does bring perfection how to die:
The Law's our *Tutor*, and the World our *School*,
Wherein w'are taught by *Example*, as by *Rule*;
The Rod's *Affliction*, which being laid away,
The *Gospel* comes, and begs us leave to *play*.

LXV. *On Ravens and Lillies.*

ARe not the *Ravens*, Great God, sustain'd by thee:
And wilt thou cloath the *Lillies*, and not me?

I'le ne're distrust my God for *Cloth* and *Bread*,
Whilst *Lillies* flourish, and the *Raven's* fed.

LXVI. *On degrees of Sin.*

CUrses proportion to the *Sins* degree:
Adam had *one*; *Eve two*; the Serpent *three*.

LXVII. *A last Will.*

MY Life's my *dying day*, wherein I still
Am making, alter, and correct my *Will*;
My *Soul* I do bequeath to God; provided,
That so small *Legacies* may be divided
Among my *Friends*: *Item*, my *Sins*; I give
To my dear *Jesus*, whether die or live:
Item, I give the World, that did refresh
The tender frailty of my feeble Flesh,
My lesser *Cares*: I do beqeath moreover,
To my poor body, *home-spun-Cloath* to cover,
And hide her shame; and *Food* for needful diet;
Some *sleep*, but not immoderate to quiet
Distemper'd *Nature*, and in her Vacation,
Some lawful *Pleasure* for her Recreation;
My *Charity*, to my Poor helpless brother,
I give: My *Prayers* to the true Church my *Mother*:
Whose watchful eyes I must desire still,
To be the *Over-seers* of my *Will*.

LXVIII. *On our* Jesus.

HE's like a *Rock*, which when we strive to shun,
We are in danger to be wreckt upon;
But when our wide spread Arms seek *Refuge* there,
It will secure us from the *harms* we fear.

LXIX. *To King* Charles.

THe Common-wealth is like an *Instrument*;
The divers sorts of people represent
The *strings*, all differing in *degrees*, in *places*:
Some *Trebles*, and some *Means*, and some are *Bases*;
The potent Rulers, the *Musitians* are;
The Musick's sometimes *peace*, and sometimes *war*:
The Laws are like the *Ruled-Books* that lye
Before their eyes, and which they practise by:
Play on, Great *Charles*, Heaven make thy *strings* as strong
And true, as thou art skilful; Ravish long
The Worlds wide ears, with thy diviner *Airs*,
That whosoever to thy Land repairs,
May thence return amaz'd, and, tell the Story
Of Brittains *Triumph*, in great *Charles* his *Glory*.

LXX. *A Riddle.*

THe Goods we spend, we *keep*; and what we save,
We *lose*; and only what we lose, we *have*.

LXXI. *On* Glorioso.

NE'r vaunt, *Glorioso*, that thou oft reliev'st
The poor; *Glorioso*, 'tis not thine, thou giv'st:
Boast what's thine own, thou art the poor man's *Sive*;
Thy wealth was giv'n thee with a *Clause* to give:
Put case it were thy own thou gav'st, what then?
Thy own *Applause* had paid thy own agen.

LXXII. *On* Judas.

Two hundred pence! what's that to thee? But say
That so much Oyntment had been cast away;

The

The *Coyn* that paid for't, *Judas*, was not thine;
O *Judas*, that's the cause thou didst *repine*,

LXXIII. *On an* Impropriator.

LOrd, how he swells! as if he had at least,
A *Common-wealth* reposed in his breast;
A *Common-wealth*, 'Twas shrewdly guest, I tell ye
He has a leash of *Churches* in his *Belly*.

LXXIV. *On the same.*

PRodigious Stomack, what a cruel deal
It can devour! whole Churches at a *meal*:
'Tis very strange, that Nature should deliver
So good a *Stomack* to so bad a *Liver*.

LXXV. *On* Lucro.

LUcro, it is believ'd, thy *Conscience*, either
Is very *wide*, or made of *stretching leather*.
Me thinks thy *Conscience* rather seems too small;
So far from *large*, I fear th'ast *none at all*.

LXXVI. *On* GOD.

IF thou shouldst strike a blow for ev'ry *slip*
That mortals make, or spur for ev'ry *trip*;
Within a moments space, here would be found
No *place* let free t'inflict another wound:
Hackneys and spur-gall'd *Jades* would happier be,
And in condition, better far, than *We*.

LXXVII. *On Sleep and Death.*

IT is received, that *Sleep*'s the *elder Brother*;
I see no reason for't; I think, the other:
Though *Sleep* does now usurp the upper hand,
I'm sure, that *Death* does sweep away the *Land*.

LXXVIII. *To* Rhemus.

THy Conscience tells thee, that to make debate
'Twixt *Prince* and *People*, to subvert a *State*,
To violate a *Truce*, to murther *Kings*,
Are lawful; nay, are *meritorious* things:
Thou hast a freedom more than we, wherein
To do against thy *Conscience*, and not sin.

LXXIX. *On* Glorioso.

HE that relieves his Brother in distress,
And seeks no vain *Applause*, does nothing less
Then lend to his *Redeemer*, laying down
A worthless *Counter*, to take up a *Crown*.
But if *vain-glory* prompt thy tongue to boast,
It is not *lent*, *Glorioso*, 'tis but *lost*.

LXXX. *To God.*

I Wonder, Lord; thou shouldst so much desire
Our *younger days*, when as the green wood-fire
Of feeble *Nature* is but newly blown,
When every *Room*'s unfurnisht, and not one
Fit for the presence of so great a *Guest*,
None trim'd with *Art*, no, not so much as dreft
With *common* sense, when as the unburnisht print
Of thy fair *Image*, taken from the Mint.

But

But now, has not the least imbellishment
Of *Heav'nly knowledge*; Lord, what hast thou ment
To make such choise, to choose a time so ill,
When we have neither means, nor yet a will
To entertain? Would not our deeper *Age*
Wherein the *Toys* of Child-hood, and the *rage*,
The *fire* of lustful Youth shall be abated,
Wherein our riper souls shall be estated
In richer *Knowledge*, and the strength of *Reason*;
O might not, might not this been thought a season,
A time more aptly chosen of the twain,
For thee to come; and us to entertain?
No; thou, Great God, thou art our wise Creator,
Wert better read in our rebellious Nature;
Thou knew'st the Bow of our corrupted will
Stood bent to mischief, would be *drawn* to ill
By ev'ry Arm; Thou knew'st that ev'ry hower
Gave new increase to strength, and double power
To draw those sinful *shafts* that shoot at heaven;
Thou knew'st our easie *Nature* would be driven
By ev'ry Breath, and that our thoughts would fall
From bad to worse; from worse to worst of all:
Thou knew'st that *groing Time* would more unlevel
Our rugged *Wills*, and took'st the best of evil:
Lord, take it, and betimes; that being possest
Of that, thou mayest prescribe for all the rest.

LXXXI. *On* Partio.

THou sayst, Thy *Will* is good, and glori'st in it
And yet forget'st thy Maker ev'ry minit:
Say, *Partio*, was there ever *Will* allow'd
When the Testator's *mem'ry* was not good?

LXXXII. *On an evil Conscience.*

WHat Hells of *Horrour* an evil *Conscience* brings!
What strange *Chimera*'s! what prodigious *things*!
A pregnant *womb* of wonders! Ev'ry minit
We sin: but least, when most we sin agin it.

LXXXIII. *To* Mundano.

NE'r think, *Mundano*, that one *Rome* will hold
Thy *God*, and all thy *gold*;
If 'ere they chance to meet within a heart,
They'l either fight, or part:
So long as earth seems glorious in thine eyes,
Thy thoughts can never rise:
Believ't, *Mundano*, by how much more near
Thou get'st Heaven, the *less* will earth appear.

LXXXIV. *To my Friend.*

WOuldst thou be prosp'rous, though the bended *brow*
Of *Fortune* threaten thee! I'le tell thee how:
Call home thy dearest *wishes*, and recall
Thy *hopes*; Expect the worst that can be fall:
If 't come, thy heart will be the more secure,
The less amaz'd, and able to endure:
If it come not, *Expectance* is no loss;
Perchance it arms thee for another *Cross*:
Thus wisely sheltered under this relief,
Thy *Joy* shall be the less, and less thy *Grief*.

LXXXV. *To* Malfido.

CHear up, *Malfido*, Lay thy thoughts more level;
Make sure of *Grace*, and ne'r suspect thy *Food*:

He

He that is *Good*, can give a thing that's evil
No more than thou, being *evil*, canst wish a good:
He better knows to give, than thou to begge,
Thou whin'st for *Stones*, and grumblest at an *Egge*:
O, let this better will suspend thy wish,
And thou shalt find no *Scorpion*, if no *Fish*.

LXXXVI. *On* Crucio.

THou still complain'st that *sorrows* do attend thee
And that their *favours* do so much annoy thee;
Mistake not, they are *weapons* to defend thee;
They be not *Engines*, *Crucio*, to destroy thee:
Wilt thou mislike thy Crops of swelling *Corn*,
Because th'are trench't, and senc'd about with *thorn*?

LXXXVII. *To* Rhemus.

'TIs true, we are but *dust*, but *worms*; nay men,
That are more base than either: And what then?
Shall *worms* or *dust*, or *men*, be well advis'd,
To go in *person* (where we have despis'd)
Before a *God*, a glorious God; I, do:
Who bids thee *Come*, will bid thee *Welcome* too:
Rhemus, when call'd in *person*, you appear
By *Proxy*, tell me where's your manners, there!
'Tis better to be wisely *bold*, than make
Thy self unmannerly for *manners* sake:
Som ill-bred Clowns there be, that being loth
To foul a *Napkin*, draw a filthy *Cloth*.

LXXXVIII. *To* Macio.

DRoop not beneath thy wants, as if forlorn
Thou must be made a *Jewel*, to be worn.

In

In *Abr'am's bosom* : *Macio*, he that comes
To *Abr'am's bosom*, finds his way by *Crums*.

LXXXIX. *On Reproof.*

'TIs not enough to strive against the *Act*,
Or not to do't; we must reprove the *Fact*
In others too; the *Sin* being once made known
To us, if not reprov'd, becomes our *own*;
We must *dissuade* the Vice we scorn to *follow*;
We must *spit out*, as well as never *swallow*.

XC. *On* Curio.

TWo *Ears* to let in *Knowledge* Nature gave;
To entertain true *Faith*, one *Heart* we have;
Why so? I'le tell thee, *Curio*, in brief,
Our *knowledge* twice exceeds our *half Belief*.

XCI. *On* Zelustus.

Z*Elustus* thinks his pains are worth his labour
If he love *God*, though he traduce his *Neighbour*;
His hot-mouth *Zeal* false-gallops on so fast
In the *First Table*, 't tyers in the *last*;
Art thou a faithful *Steward* of God's store,
Zelustus, that spend'st *Six*, and keep'st but *Four*?

XCII. *On* Philauto.

P*Hilauto*'s Charity is like a *Mouse*
That keeps at home, and never leaves the house
Till it be fir'd: It stirs for no man's cause,
Unless to feed on *Crums* of vain Applause;
Take heed, *Philauto*, lest thou heed too late,
The *Mouse* in time, will eat up thy *Estate*.

XCIII. *On*

XCIII. *On* Dubius.

D*Vbius*, Thy ears are *two*, thy tongue but *one*;
Hear God and Priest, *Confess* to God alone.

XCIV. *To Sir* Julius Cæsar, *Master of the Rolls.*

THe high *Perfections*, wherewith heav'n does please
To crown our transitory days, are these;
Goods well possest, and not possessing thee
A faithful *Friend*, equal in love, degree:
Lands fruitful, and not conscious of a *Curse*;
A boastless *hand*; a Charitable *purse*.
A smiling *Conscience*; A contented *Mind*;
A sober knowledge, with true *Wisdom* joyn'd:
A *Breast* well temper'd; *Dyet* without Art,
Surfeit, or warm; A wisely simple *Heart*;
Pastimes ingenuous, lawful, manly, sparing;
A *Spirit* not contentious, rash, but daring;
A *Body* healthful, sound, and fit for labour;
A *House* well order'd, and an equal *Neighbour*;
A prudent *Wife*, and constant to the roof;
Sober, but yet not sad, and fair enough;
Sleep seasonable, moderate, and secure:
Actions heroick, constant, blameless, pure,
A life as long as fair; and when expir'd,
A glorious *Death*, unfear'd, as undesir'd.

XCV. *On* Lucro.

L*Vcro* how poor thy *Tyrant wealth* had made thee?
How miserable poor! it has betray'd thee
To thy own seeming self; And it is grown
As little thine, or less, than thou, thy own:

Alas

Alas, poor *Lucro*, how thy fruitful pawns
Abuse thy Stomack, that so often yawns
For a good Morsel, while thy *Saints* does rome
Like a *Decoy* t entice ev'l *Angels* home,
Whose more imperious presence must controul
And fright the peace of thy perplexed Soul!
Lucro, be slave no longer to thy pelf;
Subdue thy Gold, and make thy self, thy self:
But if thy *Saint* be grown too strong for thee;
I'le tell thee, *Lucro*, turn thy *Saint* to me.

XCVI. *On* Mendax.

FAir-spoken *Mendax*, on the least occasion,
Swears by his *Faith*, and by his own *Salvation*.
Is rash-brain *Mendax* well advised then,
To pawn his Faith in *God*, for Faith with *Men*,
Sure small's thy Wit or Credit, to be drawn;
For *Wares*, so poor, to leave so great a *Pawn*.

XCVII. *On* Blandus.

WHen e're I wish my *Blandus* a good Morrow
He is my *Servant*: if I come to borrow,
Or but salute my *Blandus*, passing by,
I am your *Servant*, *Blandus* does reply:
If court my *Blandus*, I must understand,
He is my *Servant*, and does kiss my hand:
Discourse with *Blandus*, ev'ry Clause shall be
I am your *Servant*; if he drink to me,
My *Servant* does it; I return his love,
My *Servant* pledges; if my lips do move
A Suit, he is my *Servant*; though I do
Abuse my *Blandus*; he's my *Servant* too:
How blest am I, his service should be such
To me! He never told his God so much.

How

How much, dear *Blandus*, hast thou bound me thine
That art his *Servant*, not so much, as mine!

XCVIII. *On* Rebellio.

THe stout *Rebellio*, scourged by his God,
Slights his Correction, and ne'r owns the Rod:
Take heed, *Rebellio*; Be not stout too long;
Neglected *stripes* do oft return more strong;
A stubborn *silence* more ill nature shows,
Than *Jobs* of Stomack, and deserves more blows.

XCIX. *On God and Gold.*

MY *God* and *Gold* cannot possess one heart:
My *God* and I, or *Gold* and I, must part.

C. *To* James *Archbishop of* Armagh.

REnowned *Prelate*, I nor know, nor care,
What secret vertue's in Saint *Patricks Chair*,
If any; I dare boldly say, 'tis more
Since thou sat'st there, than 'ere it was before:
Go on, great *Patriarch*; If thy higher Story
(As sure it will) shall drown S. *Patricks glory*;
Ierna will (as now *Ierna* vaunts)
Be known, as well as call'd, *The Isle of Saints.*

CI. *On a waking Conscience.*

THere is a kind of *Conscience* some men keep;
Is like a member that is benum'd with sleep;
Which as it gathers bloud, and wakes agen,
It *shoots*, and *pricks*, and *feels* as big as *ten*.

CII. *On our Affections.*

O How preposterous *Affections* burn!
We *serve* the world, love God to serve our turn.

CIII. *On* Zelustus.

Z*Elustus* wears his cloaths, as he were clod
To frighten *Crows*, and not to serve his *God*;
As if the Symptoms of *Regeneration*
Were nothing but a Christian *out of fashion*.

CIV. *On* Rebellio.

WHat? ever whining? evermore alike,
Both when *Heav'n* strikes, and when he leaves to strike?
Not stroke thy stomack down, when as thy God
Is friends with thee, and thrown aside the Rod?
Take heed, *Rebellio*, heav'n do not reply
Upon thy *Sobbs*, and he that made thee cry
For thy own good, reward not thy repining
With a new *Rod*, and scorge thee worse for *whining*.

CV. *On* Zelustus.

NOt thy *Geneva-Ruffe*, nor steeple-*Hat*
With flagging *Eaves*, or *Cypareß* out of date;
Thy nock-shorn *Cloak*, with a round narrow Cape;
Thy *Russet hose*, cross-garter'd with a *Tape*;
Thy Antick *Habit* of the old Translation,
Made for the purpose in despight of *Fashion*;
'Tis none of these *Zelustus*, that can bring
Thy zeal in credit; none of these can wring
The least applause from heav'n, Heaven never meant
A Christians *Conscience* should be bound or bent

To

To *shapes*; *Zelustus*, we can scarce devide
An *Affectation* from a secret *Pride*.

CVI. *On* Conscio.

ART thou revil'd, and slander'd? and yet whine?
I fear th'art guilty; Is that heart of thine
So faint (if guiltless) that it cannot stoop
Beneath so poor a *burthen*, and not droop?
He that has sure at home may well refrain
To blow his fingers, *Conscio*, or complain
The weather's cold abroad: make sure within,
And let them censure, let them snarl agin.
Thou mayest *appear*, but not be this the worse;
If *Conscience* bless thee; Do, let *Shimei* curse.

CVII. *To* God.

THy sacred Will be done, great God,
To spend, or to suspend, thy *Rod*:
If possible, my will's to miss it;
If otherwise, to stoop, and *kiss it*.

CVIII. *On Devotion.*

WE must not onely *be* to God, but *show*
To man; *Pauls cloak* must be remembred *too*.

CIX. *On the Christian.*

'TIs not enough that the *Kings Daughter* should
Be *fair* within, she must be clad in *Gold*;
The curious *Needle-work* cloaths her whiter skin;
Shee's rich *without*, and glorious all *within*:
The true-born *Christian* must as well be clod
With *lives* to men, as lin'd with *hearts* to God.

CX. *On Mercy and Justice.*

GOd's *Mercy* and his *Justice* is the same:
'Tis but the *Object* that divides the Name.

CXI. *On* Aulicus.

BEfore that *Aulicus* was made a Lord,
He was my Friend, we might exchange a word,
As well as hearts: he could be never weary
Of my society, was jocond, merry,
Ingenuous, and as jealous to offend;
He was injoy'd, he could enjoy his friend:
But now he swells, looks big, his favours change,
As well as fortunes; Now his eyes are strange,
His thoughts are *Councels*, curious *webs* of State;
And all his actions must be wondred at:
His speeches must be *Laws*, and every word
An *Oracle*, to be admir'd, ador'd;
Friendship must now be *service*: A new mold
Must have new *Matter* melted from the old:
O, *Aulicus*, 'twere well, if thou couldst do
The very same in *spiritual honour* too.

CXII. *To* Rhemus.

FAith must be joyn'd to works, *Rhemus*, I wonder,
What God has joyn'd, thou dar'st presume to sunder!

XCIII. *On*

CXIII. *On* Tortus.

'Tis nor the bearing of the *Croß*, or *Cup*
Of thy affliction; Thou must take them up;
Nor is't the taking up alone, will do,
Tortus, thou must, *take up*, and *follow* too.

CXIV. *On* Gracchus.

Gracchus so often did repeat a *Lye*,
Past on with credit, from his very youth,
That now his conscience has forborn to cry
Against it, and perswade him 'tis a *Truth*:
'Tis well for *Gracchus*, he has gain'd thereby,
He now may tell the same, and never lye.

CXV. *On* Phares.

Thou say'st, It is a *Supper*, and it's fit
To use the *Posture* of a *Meal*, to sit;
Can thy Discretion, *Phares*, or thy Zeal?
Give *carnal gestures* to a *spiritual Meal*?
A heavenly *Supper*, and a fleshly *Heart*?
Thy *posture* has discover'd *what thou art*.

CXVI. *On the same.*

You'l take it *sitting*: Pray, and no man know it;
You'l do, and yet you will not seem to do it!
You'l bow your *Hearts*, although you bend no *Knee*;
'Tis like your *Self*; you seem not what you be,

CXVII. *To my* Book.

SO Now 'tis time to wean thee from my breast;
Thy *Teeth* grow sharp, *my Babe*, it will be best
For both: Thy hasty *Nurse* is come to take thee
From my fond *arms*, nor whimper he will make thee
A dainty golden Coat: Let it suffice thee,
Thou art mine still, howere: Thy *Nurse* will *prize* thee
For his own sake, and thine; when thou art strong,
And sure of foot hee Let thee sport among
Thy *yellow Children*, He will let thee see
The *World*, which thou hadst never seen with me:
Thou mayst do well if *Fortune* strike thee luck
And fair *Opinion*; Thou didst never suck
But one *Good Friday*, and thou mayst improve
As well in *Merit*, as in popular love;
Thou hast *six Brethren* (born as well as thee
Of a free *Muse*) legitimate and free;
Pages to *Cæsar*, and in *Cæsar's* Court;
Besides an *Ishmael*, that attends the Port
Of a great *Lord*, an honourable *Peer*
Of this best *Realm*; if 'ere thou wander there,
They'l bid thee welcome, at the times of leisure,
Perchance, and bring thee to the hand of *Cæsar*:
Thou art but young and tender, (for who knows
The *paths* of Fate?) perhaps, and one of those
Whom *Clotho* favours not, perchance thy *Twine*
May be produc'd (for thou art half *divine*)
To after Ages, to the utmost date
Of time who knows? but we subscribe to *Fate*:
Perchance thy fortune's to be bought and sold,
Was not young *Joseph* serv'd the like of old?
Thy bondage may, like his be made, perchance,
A step to Honour, and a means t'advance

Thy higher fortunes, and prepare thy *hand*
To eaſe a *dearth*, if *dearth* ſhould ſtrike the Land;
But I tranſgreſs, *my Babe*; 'Tis time to part,
The *Laws* of nature break the *Rules* of Art;
Once more, farewell, let *Heav'ns* high bleſſing ſhine
On my *poor Babe*, as my *poor Babe* has mine.

The end of the fourth and laſt *Book*.